

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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ONE MORE TALE THAT SHOULD NOT DIE

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ONE OF NATURE'S MYSTERIES

A PLATYPUS WILL NOT LEAVE HOME ALIVE

The Zoo's Vain Effort To Bring One From Australia

STRANGE STORY

Once more the men who go about the world collecting animals have tried to do the apparently impossible. Once more they have tried in vain to bring a platypus out of its home in Australia and keep it alive.

It was tried for America; now it has been tried for Europe; but it cannot be done. The little platypus will not leave its home alive.

Those who would bring it from Australia must bring it dead.

Even in Australia it has been impossible to keep a platypus in captivity. It dies for no apparent reason.

Only once has a platypus been seen alive outside Australasia for any time at all. Just ten years ago a New York dealer left Australia with five specimens, but four died during the voyage to San Francisco.

The Journey To New York

The most elaborate arrangements were made for transporting the sole survivor to New York. The jolting of the train spilled the water out of the tank in which the platypus travelled, and requests for fresh water were telegraphed ahead to every stopping-place across the continent. The platypus arrived safely in New York, but it lived only about a fortnight.

The latest attempt was made on behalf of the London Zoo. In the second week of May there sailed from Port Melbourne, on board the Mongolia, a little band of Australian natives.

They had no cabins and they had booked no berths, and if, as the boat went down the bay to the ocean, they wanted to call Goodbye to their homeland they had no words. For this little band numbered birds and beasts whose home was the Australian Bush and whose destinations were London and Whipsnade. Little they cared where they were going as they settled down in the tarpaulin tent erected for them, circus-fashion, on the upper-deck.

A Mixed Company

They were a strange mixed company, and some of them met for the first time in their lives. The Tasmanian devils and the Queensland bower birds had never met before, and they had to rely on their keeper, Mr Webb, for an introduction. Mr Cecil S. Webb, a member of the Zoological Society of London, has been in Australia for the last four months gathering Australian animals and birds from all States, and has just come home. He obtained not only one platypus, but two, with four Tasmanian

devils, two porcupine ant-eaters, wombats, albino wallabies, opossums, and bower birds; and from Tasmania, where he spent seven weeks, he gathered plover, honey-eaters, rosella parrots, fire-tailed finches, parakeets, white goshawks, and wild ducks, while from Victoria he obtained two kinds of venomous snakes.

Of all these the platypus is the most interesting, for the platypus has never been kept alive for any length of time in captivity. There was a platypus called Percy who lived for several months in the Melbourne Zoo, and so established a world record for captivity. Then he perished, and his successors have all been short lived. At present there is no platypus in London.

Experts told Mr Webb that he would not keep the platypus alive in London; they went farther, and said that he would not keep them alive on the voyage.

Mr Webb could only hope for the best. He gave them a special ship-board diet of earthworms kept on ice.

Pretty Polly



One of the macaws at the London Zoo attracts an admiring crowd of children, who admire her gorgeous plumage and listen to what she has to say.

That is something their Bush brothers have never had.

The honey-eaters, too, were given luxury meals at sea, for they like sweet and dainty food, and they will eat sponge cakes and condensed milk. The snakes, perhaps with the idea of slimming to look their best in London reptile society, would drink only water. One meal before they left Australia was sufficient for the voyage.

Alas! Mr Webb arrived at the London Docks a disappointed man, for his most precious cargo had gone the way of every other platypus that ever left Australia. Both the little creatures died on the voyage, and though they are at last in London Town they are here not alive but dead, sad little witnesses to one of Nature's mysteries.

The platypus is a link between three forms of life—reptiles, birds, and mammals. It lays eggs like a bird or a reptile, but it suckles its young. Its bill is like that of a duck and its feet are webbed, but it has strong claws.

LITTLE BO-PEEP OF AUSTRALIA

SHE HAS NEVER SEEN A TOWN

A Letter From a Lonely Farm By Roper River

OUTPOST OF THE EMPIRE

Little Bo-Peep of North Australia writes to us from a lonely farm near the Roper River in North Australia. She must be one of the loneliest children in the Empire.

Never does she dare to leave one of her 80 goats behind her during the long hours she is in charge of them. If she left them alone they would not come home, but be snapped up as dainty tit-bits by eagles or alligators.

This little shepherd, who is 15, tells us that she has never seen a white child of her own age, nor has she ever seen a shop or theatre or tram. Her home is in one of the most sparsely-populated regions of North Australia, and she wonders if many C.N. readers are as isolated and lonely as she is.

Excellent Company

Katherine, the nearest town, is 250 miles away, and only reached after days of rough travel on Bush roads.

But there are hundreds of birds and animals in the Bush, and they are excellent company. She has a pet cockatoo and a kangaroo called Josie, so that she does not find life dull. There are many diversions, such as sudden storms, floods, and midnight expeditions after marauding snakes. Then there are flies of all kinds and mosquitoes to keep one from boredom. She tells us that it is a pleasant, healthy life, and she has no wish to change it.

At Roper's Mouth, 70 miles away, there is a police station, and here the packhorse mail calls every six weeks.

One Visitor a Month

Bo-Peep was a baby of two when her parents took her with them from England to Australia. After a horse and buggy journey of a thousand miles through Queensland they arrived at their present farm, and there, with the exception of two holidays elsewhere in the Bush, they have lived ever since. The family sees about one visitor a month, and it appears that no new people ever come there.

In spite of long droughts during the hot season the soil is very rich, and all plants grow well. There is plenty of hard work. Every morning at 5.30 Bo-Peep helps her mother to milk the 80 goats, and then she marshals them and takes them out for most of the day. As for lessons, these are sent up from the Brisbane Correspondence School, and Bo-Peep does them during the three-hours interval for lunch, when her thoughts are not too much distracted by eagles or alligators.

THE LONELY SENTINEL OF CIVILISATION

NEWS FROM THE DESERT

The Hero of Bidon 5 on the
Way To the Sudan

A TALE THAT SHOULD NOT DIE

A noble story comes from the correspondent of The Times who lives in Algiers. It is the tragedy of Bidon 5.

Bidon 5 is a desert halt in the Sahara, on the way from Algiers to the Sudan. Here is our friend, Aunt Sally—a petrol pump, and a man to look after it; that is all. The halt is called Bidon 5 because its signboard is an empty petrol-can with a figure 5 painted on it, and Bidon is French for petrol-tin.

The cars of the Compagnie Générale Transsaharienne stop here for petrol on their way from Colomb Bechar to Gao, and leave food and water for the lonely guardian at regular intervals.

When the car arrived the other day no one came out to meet it. The driver was puzzled. He expected to see the brown face of the native guardian of Bidon 5 smiling a welcome, as usual; but no one came, and the desert was very silent.

The Last Drop Given Away

By-and-by they found the guardian lying dead. His face was peaceful; he had conquered his suffering and met death with courage. Nevertheless, he had died of thirst.

The last car had visited Bidon 5 only 26 days before, and had left 150 litres of water. The guardian already had 100 litres, and this supply should have lasted.

The car was due to return in 21 days, but a breakdown had made it five days late. The guardian had been dead 48 hours when it arrived. But for the breakdown he could have been saved.

What had he done with the 250 litres of water?

It seems beyond a doubt he had given it to desert travellers who came to beg it from him. They had no business to set out without a sufficient supply, but they had done so, and he was too kindhearted to let them pay for their foolishness. He had given away the last drop, and had then sat patiently waiting for the car that should have saved him.

When he knew there was no hope he lay down to die as quietly as if it were only to sleep. The look on his face told his friends that he had neither cursed his fate nor wept in self-pity, but had paid the price of his generosity without grudging.

WORK FOR YOUNG BRAINS

Mapping the Motherland

Maps of the uses to which the surface of the country is being put at the present time are being prepared all over Britain under the Land Utilisation Survey.

Every field in England, Scotland, and Wales is already on the Ordnance Survey six-inch-to-the-mile map, so these maps are being used for the new record. Forests and woodlands already marked are being enlarged where there are newly-planted areas; meadowland and permanent grass is to be marked M and coloured green. Gardens and orchards are to be coloured light purple and marked G.

Schoolchildren are doing this work happily all over the country and realising more than ever the interesting nature of the land they live in. More than 4000 sheets have been completed and returned, but there is much work to be done in various counties where one really keen person could get on with the organisation of intelligent helpers. Will volunteers please write to the London School of Economics?

FRIEND OF THE BANTU

South Africa Loses a
Splendid Man

HIS WORK FOR HIS BLACK BROTHERS

Thousands of black people of the Bantu tribes have lost a friend, for Henry Melville Taberer, one of the most useful men in South Africa, has passed on at 62.

He probably knew more about native customs than anyone living, and he was an expert without a rival at native languages.

Like his father Canon Taberer, who was a missionary for over half a century, Henry spent his life in serving the black men he loved as brothers. He was born among them at Keiskama Hoek in the Native Territories, and during his childhood black boys were his playmates, so that his eyes were not blinded by prejudice to the splendid qualities of the natives.

He knew so well how to bring the best out of them that Lord Milner was glad to secure his services for the Native Affairs Department of the Transvaal.

A Difficult Position

Some of his finest work was done after he was made Adviser on Native Affairs to the Transvaal Chamber of Mines. He had a difficult position, because the natives often had some grievance and were of very uncertain temper. But he would appeal to their sense of humour by some amusing story in their own language and have them all laughing, and their rebellious thoughts of imagined wrongs would vanish.

These were not all his gifts. He was a first-class cricketer, and his power of throwing a cricket ball was almost super-human. When he left school at Grahamstown and came to England he gained a blue for athletics at Oxford and another for Rugby football. His vast knowledge of native life and customs was of such importance to South Africa that it will be difficult to find a man to take his place.

A SLAVE BOY'S 100 YEARS

Dada Rainikala and His Story

An old Malagasy Christian, known affectionately in Madagascar as Dada Rainikala, has just died at an age of about a hundred years. He was the oldest member of the London Missionary Society Churches in the town of Fianarantsoa.

Ninety years or so ago Rainikala was a slave boy in the house of a Malagasy nobleman who was governor of Tamatave. He never knew a father or a mother, and nobody knows where he came from. When his master died the slave boy was sent to the dead man's relatives, as part of the family inheritance, in Tananarivo. One day, when sent to the market on an errand, he saw a sight the memory of which always remained with him. Twelve Malagasy were dragged in chains to the marketplace and brutally stoned to death. What had they done? They had forsaken their old ancestral customs and accepted Christianity.

Now Rainikala was a thoughtful boy, and what he thought was that if twelve of his fellow Malagasy were ready to die, and able to die bravely, because of this new religion there must be something very good in it. He must find out more about it.

One Sunday morning he slipped into a church and listened, and he left the church determined that he must believe the wonderful story, even if it meant his being stoned in the market-place.

He was not stoned. He was freed from slavery by one of the missionaries, he married a Christian woman, and through all the long years since then his quiet life of service had been a benediction to all who knew him.

THE STRONG ROOM DOWN IN THE SEA

GOLD FROM THE
OCEAN BED

Success Crowns the Diving Men of the Artiglio

A PLYMOUTH SURPRISE

After three years of effort gold has been brought up from the strong room of the sunken P. & O. liner Egypt.

Since 1922 the vessel has rested on the floor of the Bay of Biscay about 20 miles off Ushant, beneath 400 feet of water, within a few miles of the wrecks of a hundred other vessels that have gone down in these treacherous seas.

It has been a long journey to the strong room. Many times when work was proceeding rapidly bad weather would stop operations for long periods. This happened last autumn, when the divers of the Artiglio, the salvage vessel, had reached the room in which lay gold ingots and silver worth a million pounds. All was ready for blowing off the roof and lifting out the treasure when the bad weather for which the Bay of Biscay is notorious set in, and the Artiglio returned to port. When operations began again this year the treasure store was opened and the divers met with a disappointment.

Paper Money Instead of Gold

No gold met their gaze, and the special automatic grab which is being used brought to the surface large quantities of paper money. Then special information as to how the bullion had been stored came to hand and once again the divers went down. One of them placed in position bombs which were to wrench away plates that hid the treasure. He was hauled up and electric contacts were made to fire the bombs.

After a short interval the diver went down once more, this time to direct the lowering of the grab by telephone. The great jaws of the grab opened as it came in contact with the wreckage, the diver in his armoured house on the bed of the ocean directing its movements, with the aid of the men on the deck of the Artiglio above. Obediently the jaws closed, and the grab was raised and swung aboard the Artiglio. As it opened its jaws its precious cargo of gold was revealed. Success at last!

Bullion Under Arrest

The news was flashed to Italy and to London, and soon the world knew that the long game of hide-and-seek was over.

Down again and again went the grab, and in three or four days gold bars and sovereigns worth nearly £200,000 had been brought to the decks of the Artiglio. This is about a fifth of the total in the Egypt's strong room, but it was decided to take this to England and return later for more.

The arrangement was that the Italian salvage company should have about 62 per cent of the treasure recovered, the remainder going to the underwriters who had insured the Egypt's cargo, and who paid out when the vessel went down. But when the Artiglio arrived at Plymouth with her prize a Customs officer went on board and arrested the bullion!

It seemed that Captain Jean Davy, the former master of a French tug, claimed that he was the first to locate the Egypt among the numerous wrecks on the bed of the Bay of Biscay, and he therefore claimed a share of the gold.

The disposal of the treasure is a matter for legal argument, but the Artiglio will carry on with its salvage operations.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ceres	See-rees
Sagittarius	Saj-it-tay-re-us
Tamatave	Tah-mah-tahv
Tananarivo	Ta-nah-na-re-vo

WE MUST WASTE LESS

The Danger of a Parental State

By Lord Plender

Lord Northcliffe, in one of his impertinent moods, described the famous accountant who is now Lord Plender as one of his watch-dogs. Clearly we may hope that in the House of Lords Lord Plender will be one of the watch-dogs of the nation, for his maiden speech in the gilded chamber is full of wisdom and promise. We take these passages from it, feeling that they should be widely read.

The mere cutting down of expenditure might, in itself, do more harm than good. It was of little use saying that there should be a reduction of £20,000,000 a year without taking into consideration the reactions which might flow from such a course.

There was no better way of lessening unemployment than by accelerating trade and freeing business from the heavy burden of taxation and by giving more hope and confidence to those whose capital was risked. The time had come when the Government must reject doing the things which were desirable and only spend on the things which were essential.

The rise in public expenditure during the last few years had been largely unjustified, and the creation of a parental State which made life easy, not always for the deserving, and almost impossible for those who did work and ventured their capital in the effort, could only meet with disaster.

Whatever we as a nation might do, our efforts would prove unavailing without cooperative effort on the part of all nations in the Old World and the New in relation to the immediate revision of debt and reparations liabilities and in the lowering of tariff barriers between countries.

In addition to the curtailment of national expenditure some means must be devised of curtailing local expenditure.

LATEST CASUALTY OF THE GREAT WAR

One More Hero Gone

One of the heroes of the war, John Wilson of Salford, has died in hospital from wounds received at Ypres in 1916.

He was riddled with shrapnel in a hundred places, but insisted on going back to France. There were still 17 pieces of shell in his body when he came home, but he resumed work as a lorry-driver and refused a pension for disability from his much-tried country.

In the truest sense John Wilson was a hero, an Englishman of the most chivalrous type, and the thought that war breaks men like him to pieces at 36 is one more witness to the foul and cowardly thing war is.

THINGS SAID

The week-end who laughs at Sabbatarianism has the Sabbatarian to thank for his week-end. Mr W. T. F. Jarrold

It is time international solidarity asserted itself in some other way than by speeches. King of the Belgians

In 100 or 200 years I believe there will be no more democracies.

Mr Gordon Selfridge

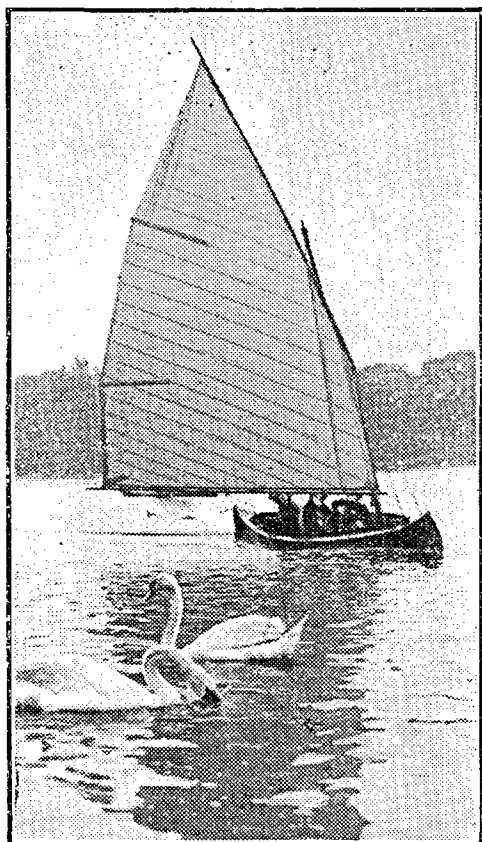
Try to find the good things in Nature, art, and people, and you will get the best out of them. Bishop of Worcester

We owe three-months salary to all our city employees and five-months salary to our teachers. The Mayor of Chicago

We want to see a clean sweep of all those old debts so that we may start afresh with a light heart. Mr Baldwin

Between Brighton and Eastbourne the beach is strewn with the dead bodies of sea birds as the result of oily waste. A Times correspondent

SAILING IN LONDON · FEEDING THE HIPPO · MODEL AEROPLANES



Sailing in London—The swans on the lake in Regent's Park have now become so used to the sailing boats that they practically ignore them.



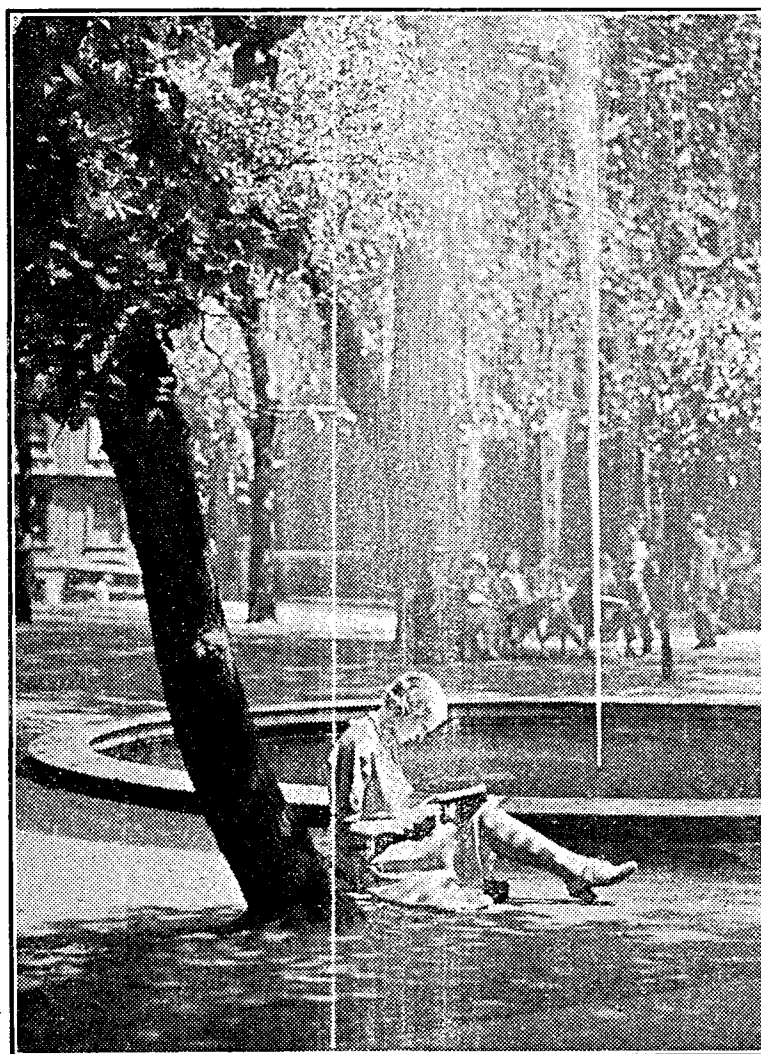
The Jolly Bathers—These three little people in the sea at Brighton are sure that there is no game quite so exciting as surf-bathing.



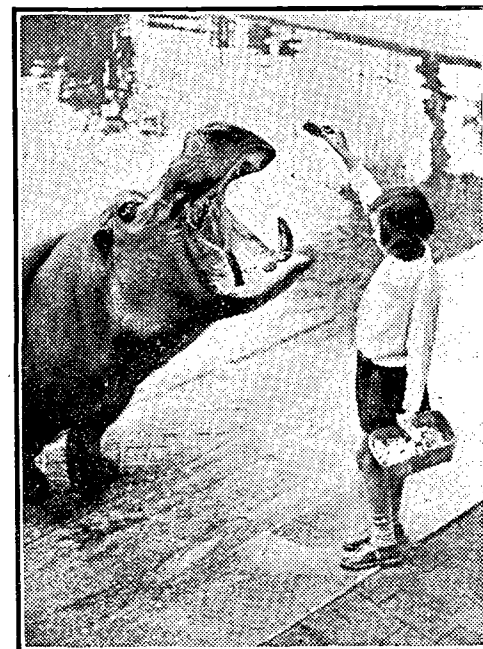
The Winning Crew—Girl rowers who won a competition on the Thames are here seen carrying their oars to the boathouse at Putney.



Three Friends—These horses look as if they are as proud of their owner as she is of them. The picture was taken during the International Horse Show.



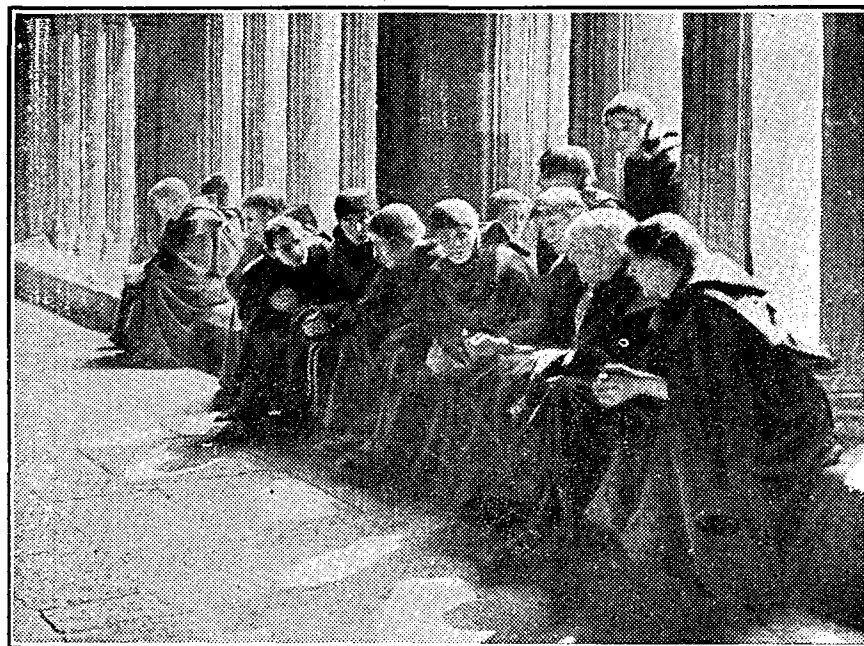
A Quiet Hour—A cool and peaceful retreat on a hot day is Fountain Court in the Temple, where this picture was taken. It is close to the C.N. office.



Great Expectations—Joan, the hippo at the London Zoo, was expecting a big mouthful from the girl who visited her in her enclosure the other day.



A Popular Toy—Several aerial collisions took place when this group of London school-children launched their model aeroplanes all together in the playground.



Canterbury Monks—During the festival of music and drama organised by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral these performers were waiting to play their parts in Becket.

A KING'S EXCITING MOMENT

PRAJADHIPOK DOES AS HE IS TOLD

Freedom Spreads Her Wings Over Siam

CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY

Siam has taken a great step forward toward liberty.

For hundreds of years this little country in south-east Asia has looked to its King, and to its King alone, for government, and for the past hundred years his absolute monarchy has brought prosperity to the State. Heirs to the throne and their associates at the royal Court have come to England's schools and universities and taken home our culture and ideas.

But the kings of Siam never surrendered the supreme control of everything in their realm. They made its laws, appointed all its governors, and imposed its taxes. This year, however, the world depression has affected this prosperous land of ten million people and stimulated the minds of other able men.

The People's Party

These men felt that the day had at last dawned when Siam should come into line with other countries. A political party known as the People's Party was formed, including soldiers and sailors as well as civilians, and when King Prajadhipok was on his holiday the other day they revolted, seized the two royal princes as hostages, and, visiting him at his seaside home, compelled the King to accept a draft constitution by which he should rule under conditions resembling those of the more civilised States in the rest of the world.

The King wisely accepted the terms, and in future will reign as a constitutional monarch.

It was a surprise to the world that no serious fighting occurred, and the general goodwill promises well for the future of Siam.

We trust that peace will continue in Siam, for she is closely knit with us in commerce, much of the capital in tin mines and the teak forests being British, and about three-quarters of her overseas trade being with the British Empire.

The native name of Siam means Land of the Free, and we hope the change will give a fuller meaning to that beautiful phrase.

THE CROSS AND THE SWORD

When the Pope's Legate came from Rome to Ireland to bestow his benediction on the Eucharistic Congress he was met far out at sea by the Sign of the Cross.

It was formed by the fighting aeroplanes of the Irish Free State Army.

Under the shadow of this emblem the barque of the Ambassador of Peace moved into Dublin Bay, where it was saluted by the crash of welcoming cannon.

The martial solemnity continued. After a brief interval of garden parties and meetings of priests from all over the world the voice of the Army was raised once again.

A mass was held in Phoenix Park, with men of the Free State Army ready to assist. The solemn pageant of world-wide faith at this mass meeting was conducted with fanfares of trumpets and marshalled with salutes of gleaming bayonets.

It was said that nearly a million Roman Catholics took part in this assertion of their faith, Irishmen from the Continent, Gaelic fishermen, pilgrims from New Zealand, and 200 picked men of the New York Fire Brigade.

BRITISH SUBJECTS CARRIED TO SLAVERY

RAID AFTER RAID

Spending £800 a Week To Save People From the Slave Markets

SERIOUS SITUATION

Though Abyssinia is a member of the League its people still engage in the worst form of slave-raiding that has ever been known.

For some 700 miles the frontier of this inland empire of northern Africa marches with the Sudan, whose subjects are British. For a long time past raiders have crossed this boundary and carried off men, women, and children into slavery. These raiders are armed with modern rifles, and also take rifles with them to use as barter for more slaves.

A Monstrous Thing

Besides being a great wrong these raids involve considerable expenditure on the part of our administration in patrolling the frontier. The raiders swoop down upon any undefended village, destroy it, and carry its inhabitants captive. In one of our territories alone the cost of patrolling amounts to £40,000 a year.

It is a monstrous thing that nearly £800 a week should have to be spent by one member of the League in defending its people from the ruffians of another member.

The Emperor of Abyssinia has declared that he has succeeded in stamping out both slave-raiding and slave-trading, yet within a week of his declaration the biggest raid of all into British Sudan took place.

This terrible state of affairs is partly due to the lack of sound government in a mountainous country and partly to the low standard of the people in matters of right and wrong.

Custom and Crime

Lord Noel Buxton, who has just returned from a mission to the Emperor on this question of slavery, points out that it is extremely difficult to abolish so ancient a custom as slavery among people who consider a crime as something where compensation is due to the injured person or his relatives instead of as a wrongful deed which the State should punish.

The fact remains, however, that if Abyssinia wishes to continue to belong to the brotherhood of civilised nations who have banded themselves into a League and who have made it a condition that slavery must not be practised by its members, she must so govern that slavery is impossible within her borders, and that such infamous actions as raids into territory of a neighbour and friend should be stopped at once.

MISS TO MARRIES MR MA

The other day there was a big wedding at St Martin-in-the-Fields.

The bride and bridegroom had been betrothed as little babies; and the wedding cake was made of minced pork and sugar.

The bride was a pretty Chinese maiden, Miss Rebecca To, and her groom was Mr Shiu Hong Ma. She wore a white gown with a train, like an English bride, and she held two wedding receptions, one for her English friends with English fare on the buffet, and one for her Chinese friends, when every guest was given a little cake of minced pork and sugar in accordance with Chinese custom. Then Mrs Shiu Hong Ma wore the splendid robes of a Chinese bride, red and black embroidered with silver. Every bride feels that she is entitled to one lovely dress for her wedding, but this lucky maiden had two bridal gowns, and will be greatly envied by many other brides on that account.

We wish them good fortune and long life, and hope they will remember their wedding with nothing but happiness.

A FISHMONGER WITH NO IMAGINATION

Why Are These Things Done?

Someone speaking to our Town Girl the other day told her of something which was a reminder of a C.N. note on caged birds.

In a certain fishmonger's shop in a London suburb there is a phenomenon in the window which makes every passer-by stand and stare. More often than not there is a crowd gathered there, the object of the curiosity being the sight of a small living bird encaged somehow or other in a tiny and almost airless space in the centre of a bowl of goldfish. The bowl is made so that in some way the bird is magnified through the water, the illusion which attracts the watchers being, of course, that the little bird appears to be under water and yet alive, undergoing a sort of living death.

What a terrible pity it seems that the fishmonger, who is probably quite a kind man in other ways but lacking in imagination, cannot substitute a stuffed bird, or perhaps something which would melt in water, so that the illusion might be kept up, and let his little friend return once more to the freedom of Nature, or if it has been encaged too long for this, to a larger cage.

It is Mr Chesterton who, probably in thinking of St Francis and his birds, speaks of "the wren, my sister," and just as surely are the birds related to man as are the blue skies under which we dwell with them, or as the grass and trees which were made for all living creatures, including small brown birds and fishmongers without imaginations.

OLD BOY'S GOOD TURN

Passing It On

Charles Lamb's old school, Christ's Hospital, has been given a magnificent new library costing £5000.

The Lord Mayor of London came down to open it, and the Prince of Wales sent a telegram; but the best thing about it is the story of its giving.

Many years ago a Christ's Hospital boy went out to the East, and there he met a man who had been to the same school, and who did him a good turn. It made all the difference to the younger man's chances. He realised that the kindness had been done for the sake of the school, which he truly calls "one of the noblest educational charities in the world," so he determined that if ever he got the chance he would do the school a good turn. That was the best way to repay the man who helped him.

Now that boy is a prosperous man, able to carry out his early resolve, and it is he who has given the new Dominions Library to Christ's Hospital.

His name, which will be cherished by many generations of Bluecoat Boys, is T. H. Whitehead.

THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME

The sentence does fit the crime sometimes. Three of our well-known caricaturists (H. M. Bateman, John Hassall, and Arthur Watts), having been tried in the dock at a mock trial on the charge of cruelty to humans, received this triple sentence:

To be hanged—on the line;
To be drawn—by each other;
To be quartered—on anybody they liked.

SEVEN MEN OF PRESTON

The Seven Men of Preston who started the Teetotal Movement have been remembered at a centenary meeting in London. They signed the first teetotal pledge, and it is remarkable to realise that actually all the names were signed by one of the seven; Joseph Livesey, the only man among them who could write his name.

A ZANZIBAR MAN

FATHER WOODWARD AND HIS SPLENDID LIFE Carrying On the Fine Work Begun By David Livingstone

BROTHER PLACIDUS

Innumerable are the influences of a noble life.

One day nearly 60 years ago a young architect's draughtsman stood at a window of the Horse Guards in London watching the funeral of Livingstone.

Two years later he had changed his career and was in Zanzibar, where he had become a lay worker. Strangely enough, the first person to meet him and become his guide when he went on the mainland in what is now Tanganyika Territory was James Chuma, Livingstone's black servant and companion. Thus he was able to hear many fresh details of the life of this great man.

Kindness and Calmness

In the seventies this country was part of darkest Africa, and the young man, who later on became a priest, and his two companions were the only white men living there. During their years of missionary work they saw the steady development of the district, first as a German colony and since the war as a mandated territory under the British flag.

Herbert Willoughby Woodward was the name of the young man, and when he died at Zanzibar a few days ago, at 78, he had become a famous missionary. For more than half a century he had carried on with devoted zeal the fine work Livingstone had begun among the black men who were to both of them as brothers.

Kindness was one of his characteristics, the other was calmness; and because nothing could put him out during his many adventures and hardships he earned the name of Brother Placidus.

Father Woodward was never idle. He mastered ten African languages and made collections of words and expressions so that he could write grammar books. He also collected folk stories of the tribes and put them on record. For this good work he was awarded the honorary degree of M.A. at Oxford.

In an Internment Camp

The German language he found a harder nut to crack, but it was necessary to learn it in the days when Tanganyika was German. Later on he was glad he had persevered, for during the war he was confined in an internment camp for two years.

For 22 years he was Archdeacon of Magila. In 1922 he moved to the Orange Free State, and although he was 68 he set to work to learn his tenth African language. Three years later he was made a canon of Bloemfontein Cathedral.

Then, because of ill-health, he went back to his familiar old haunts in Zanzibar, and his last piece of lifework must have given him intense pleasure. He was put in charge of the village for released slaves at Mbweni, and saw happy homes and lives of freedom in a land that had been one of the chief centres of the slave trade.

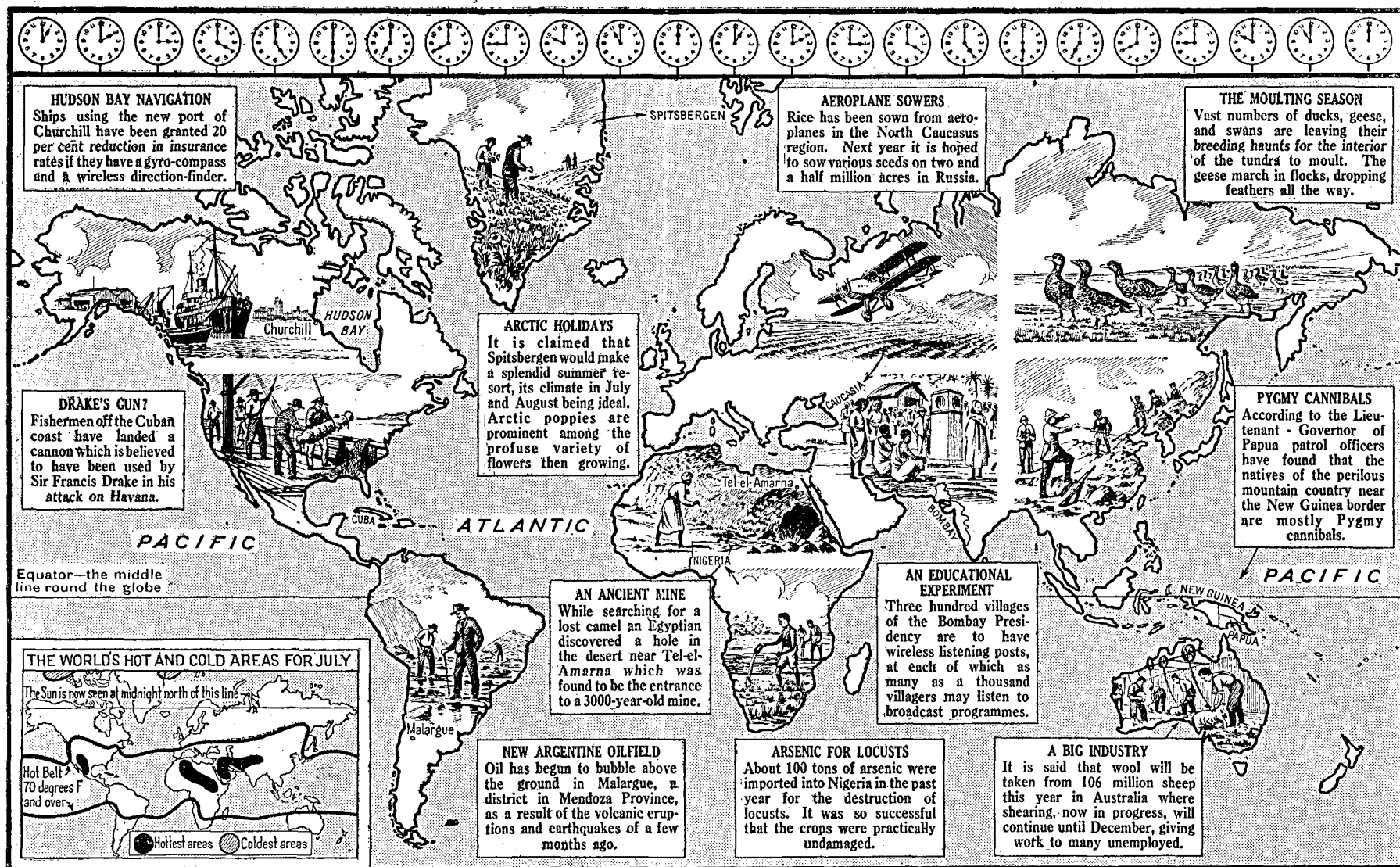
STRANGE CARRIAGE OF DISEASE

The Board of Agriculture has ascertained that there is danger in making bags to contain food-stuffs out of the wrappers imported with meat.

We import so much meat that millions of these meat wrappers come with it, and they are manufactured into bags.

The Ministry says that if such a wrapper has been used to wrap meat of an animal affected with foot and mouth disease the infection may be retained by the wrapper after being made into a bag, and therefore the bag may infect a farm with the disease.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WHY PETER WENT TO NEW ZEALAND

This is the House That Gwen Built

Gwen Lewis is ten years old and a friend of Peter Pan, for she is the proud little builder of Peter Pan's House.

During the summer a visitor from Wellington in New Zealand discovered Gwen in her home by the sea at Paraparaumu, busy with the house she had made for Peter, complete with its gay vegetable and flower gardens.

The visitor was so charmed with this small home built for Peter that a photograph was taken of Gwen and the house and sent to Sir James Barrie.

And now Gwen has had a letter, written and addressed by the famous author himself, in which he tells of the adventure which happened to Peter Pan while flying about the world when he spent the night in Gwen's house.

Gwen is very proud of her letter, but she is particularly pleased because a thimble was enclosed from Peter in payment for his night's lodging.

NEWS OF BUBBLES

Everyone knows the famous picture by Sir John Millais showing a little boy with golden curls watching with wondering eyes the dance of some big soap bubbles.

He wears a picturesque velvet suit, and if anyone had asked what the child would become the answer would surely have been "A poet or a painter."

We are reminded of all this by the announcement that "Rear-Admiral W. M. James will succeed Vice-Admiral W. Tomkinson as Rear-Admiral commanding the Battle Cruiser Squadron on August 15," for Rear-Admiral James was Bubbles. Sir John Millais was his grandfather.

The dreamy little boy of the famous picture grew up to be, not a poet, but a gunnery expert.

RALPH KNOTT

Architect of County Hall

Londoners will now know whom they have to thank for the design of the fine County Hall which adorns the Thames at Westminster.

A bronze plaque showing the portrait of Mr Ralph Knott, the designer and architect, has been fixed near the entrance to the Hall.

When his design was chosen in 1908 from among those by the most famous architects of the day Mr Knott was only 29. Unfortunately he did not live to see the left wing of the building finished, for he died three years ago, but he had the satisfaction, as Mr Angus Scott said, of knowing he had given a noble edifice to posterity. Other tributes were paid to the architect, and it is the belief of Sir Paul Latham that he will go down to history as one of the great architects of England.

Yet he was a young man in the office of a great architect when he won this first commission, and, if we remember rightly, he heard of his success quite casually by telephone, his chief knowing nothing of his plans.

A WREATH

At the funeral of a man of Kent the other day there was seen among many wreaths one from the convicts in Maidstone prison.

The dead man was Mr J. C. Dunk, who was a friend to many good causes. He was superintendent of the Maidstone St John Ambulance Corps, and was a regular visitor to the gaol. Sometimes he held classes for the prisoners, and quite often no warder was present, because there was not the least danger that the 40 convicts' present would harm their friend.

There is some good in the worst of men, and the convicts' wreath shows that he knew how to reach it.

NO WORK, NO PAY

Mussolini Faces the Crisis

In Italy Signor Mussolini is continuing his policy of saving the unemployed by giving them work to do. We cannot too highly commend this example.

From time to time in the C.N. we have given details of Italy's great and beneficent enterprises, such as the reclaiming of the marshes of the Roman Campagna. The latest news is that a sum equal to about £17,000,000 has been granted for great public works, including the further electrification of railways, roads, hospitals, and the restoration of monuments.

STRAWBERRY TIME

The strawberry season is in full swing and the railways are hard put to it to get the fruit quickly to market.

Usually strawberries are picked in the forenoon and rushed to town in time for early-morning sales next day. Fruit may be loaded in Kent at noon one day and be on sale in Lancashire early next morning. The strawberry season lasts from five to six weeks, the first arrivals being from Hampshire. The Kent fruit comes next and is followed by produce from the West of England, Cambridgeshire, and other places.

From the East Anglian district, which covers some 50 "strawberry" railway stations, nearly 700 tons daily are transported. In 1931 Hampshire loaded up no less than 3872 tons, which were contained in nearly three million baskets.

GIANT CAMERAS

A battery of giant cameras has lately been opened for use at the Norman Lockyer Observatory at Sidmouth by the Astronomer-Royal.

There is nothing like it elsewhere in England. It will photograph small planets with ease, and has already pictured a very interesting meteor trail.

A PAGEANT NOTE

The Great Improvement of Things

A friend of the C.N. who went to see the Leicester Pageant was greatly impressed by the remarkable improvement in pageant production.

We have probably to thank Mr Frank Lascelles for much of the progress made; certainly his management of a crowded scene is wonderful to see.

Some twenty years ago thousands who sat in the cheaper seats at the Norwich Pageant heard nothing and saw almost nothing. At Leicester loud-speakers made it possible for almost every word of the 6000 performers to be distinctly heard. There were no favoured few. From the most remote parts of the auditorium a fine view was obtained, although those who had not the foresight to take cushions had a fellow feeling with the Princess in the Pea story. The benches were very hard, and one wondered how the Greeks could sit through their prodigiously long plays on stone seats.

Floodlighting was another great improvement at Leicester. Gradually, as the Sun set behind the beautiful background of lake water and old willow trees, and the flaming reflections vanished into dimness, the grass of the arena became a vivid green. Floodlighting lit up the gorgeous colours of the dresses until it seemed to be daylight.

"Oh dear! What can the matter be?" quacked three ducks. They swam hurriedly to shore, waddled importantly on to the arena, and mingled with the Pageant crowd to the great amusement of the audience.

POST OFFICE BUSINESS

We regret to observe that the average daily receipts of the Post Office are still falling.

In May the average amount of money received daily was £125,500, whereas in May last year it was £128,800.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 9

1932

Let Us Be Bold and Join U.S.

JUNE 22 this year may well prove to be a Red Letter date in history. On that eventful day Mr Hoover proposed to the Disarmament Conference a bold plan for disarmament.

What the President of the United States proposes is:

The reduction of the world's armies, navies, and air forces by a third.

A maximum submarine tonnage for any nation of 35,000.

Total abolition of bombing aeroplanes, tanks, chemical warfare, and big mobile guns.

This would mean the reduction of our Army by another 4000 men, of our Navy by 30,000 men; of our Air Force by 10,000 men; of our aeroplanes by 700; of our battleships by 5, and the destruction of about 40 destroyers, 13 cruisers, and 12 submarines.

At Geneva the plan was given to the Conference by Mr Hugh Gibson, the American representative, coinciding with the official declaration at Washington. There followed speeches by the chief delegates, all of them, save France, warmly welcoming the proposals.

A notable and significant thing happened. Signor Grandi, the Italian Foreign Minister, telegraphed to Mussolini and received a prompt reply. The Italian Prime Minister accepted Mr Hoover's plan as a whole and in all its details.

Sir John Simon for Britain gave the Hoover plan a cordial welcome, promised cooperation, and declared that we wanted even more disarmament. There is no question whatever about the feeling of the British people; and the return of Sir Herbert Samuel from Geneva to consult the Cabinet on the matter was an event of high promise and importance.

Disarmament, Reparations, War Debts and World Recovery: these things are linked together; the future of the world hangs upon the two Conferences now being held in Switzerland and the World Conference on trade which it is hoped will follow.

It is hoped:

That the Disarmament Conference at Geneva will accept the Hoover plan.

That the Reparations Conference at Lausanne will recognise that it is impossible for Germany to pay further reparations.

That the United States will recognise that the cancelling of reparations implies the cancelling of all war debts.

That the nations will come together in a World Conference in the autumn and concert measures to reduce trade barriers, promote commerce, reform the money system, and so restore general confidence to the world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



An Acre of England

WE have often spoken here of beautiful memorials, and we have been delighted to come upon many charming ones in our churches.

One of the very best we have heard of is to a friend of a village in Norfolk who left an acre of England to yield the holy bread as long as the world endureth.

The Editor will gladly send a guinea to the reader who sends us within the next month or two what he considers to be the most beautiful bequest ever made to a village in this way.

Music in the School

THE movement to establish orchestras in schools has been increasingly successful, and we hope it will spread-until every school has its band.

We should all learn to amuse ourselves and not to depend on professional and mechanical entertainment. What we hope is that hearing gramophone records or listening-in will stimulate boys and girls to become musicians themselves.

There is a National Union of School Orchestras, and it has just held its 23rd annual concert at the Crystal Palace. No fewer than 3600 boy and girl violinists, all chosen from London school orchestras, took part in a splendid performance.

Not Enough People

IN the first three months of this year the deaths in England and Wales exceeded the births by 1214.

This reminds us how close we are to the time when the population will be falling every year and we shall have no emigrants to people our Empire.

At the end of this year the twelve months as a whole will probably show a small increase of births over deaths, but it will be quite illusory. Enough children are not being born to replace the existing population.

The imperial point of view is even more important than the island's. Our Dominions are empty, yet we are failing to people them. We cannot hold them without people.

Three Yews

NEVER was the countryside more beautiful. One of our readers who has been motoring in Sussex tells us of three little surprises he came across in one afternoon, three ways of treating yew.

One was a ring of yew like a wall round the base of a great tree at a cross-roads; another was a column of yew shaped round the entire trunk of a tall tree; another was most remarkable of all—a perfect yew arch in front of a house formed by two yews made to meet high up, with a turret rising from the centre.

These Parliaments

MOST of the Parliaments appear to be straining themselves to balance their Budgets.

We shudder to think of the agony they would endure if they were to try to rule the world.

Aunt Sally

ONE of the petrol firms is making a little boast that it has no fewer than twenty thousand petrol pumps on the roads from Land's End to John o' Groats.

We shudder to think of it. This firm grows rich on the beauty of the countryside and it sticks Aunt Sally up twenty thousand times to turn the countryside into a circus.

Tip-Cat

A MAN has climbed thirty-three mountain peaks in twenty-four hours. You can't say there is no point in it.

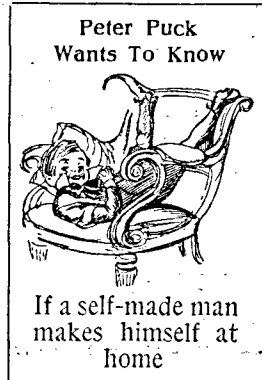
Boys like to take each other down. Not when they have been well brought up.

A PROFESSOR says that some day coal fires will be prohibited. Coal merchants as well will be put out.

A HAT displayed in a shop window was described as The Last Word. Hope it wasn't loud.

SLIM people get about faster than fat. A slight advantage.

A HIKER is going round the world with a knapsack and walking-stick for luggage. We think this is carrying things too far.



THE majority of sailors are very musical. Used to the high C's.

MOSQUITOES can fly 14 hours without settling. But rarely do.

A LADY says she would not be seen out in a dress made for her by a certain West End firm. So it will never be worn out.

GROCER'S Boy Who Reached the Top of the Tree, says a headline. Evidently didn't beat about the bush.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

VOLUNTEERS are transforming an ugly bank of rubble in North Wales into a pleasure park.

THE lovely sunshine has changed the gloom of farmers into hope.

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES are bringing up 1319 babies under five.

JUST AN IDEA

There is no fear in those who believe that God controls the world.

The Train Speaks

An express train and an air liner have been talking together for forty miles.

WHEN I was young the limit of my power Was just about (in speed) eight miles an hour.

Twas thought a daring pace; the old folks then

Said "Wonderful indeed the ways of men

To make machines move at such thrilling rate."

They did not know (nor I) that at the gate

We stood, to times when I would thunder by

One mile a minute; and that from the sky

Men sailing in great ships would speak to me,

And I give answer back (as easily As men in converse do when face

to face),

Engine to engine talking through vast space.

Marjorie Wilson

A Cave Man

By Our Town Girl

THE other evening in a house in Hampstead we met a cave man.

We were not as frightened as we had expected to be. As a matter of fact the cave man had a very gentle face, and he spends his whole life in creating beautiful things. One of his occupations is making woodcuts from linoleum. In the South Kensington Museum there are several of these to be seen. He is an Englishman, but his cave is in a chalk cliff by a river in France.

His walls are chalk, his ceiling is chalk, and so is his floor. He has no rent to pay, for he owns his cave, which cost him £3 to buy freehold. The only addition he has made to it is to put in a window and a door. Lately he has put a knocker on the door, which he says the little French boys knock loudly and run away, the temptation being too much for them. A knocker on the entrance to a cave! Who wouldn't want to use it? And, after all, what else does a knocker exist for?

Outside the cave goes the river, silver, appealing, where trees nod at their deep reflections, and quiet fish plop up to catch the dancing flies, and where birds build and dart, none of these heeding the cave man, who just sits and paints their loveliness through each season with joy and with no difficulty.

The most difficult thing he had done for a very long time, he said the other evening, was to get into a dinner-jacket in London and be a civilised man at a civilised party, though somehow one felt that those little chalky walls were probably calling to him even then, and that the new knocker on the cave door was rapping on his heart.

One Thing at a Time

Work while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS AT ST KILDA

LANDING ON A DESERTED ISLAND

The Love of the Islanders For
Their Old Home

SHARKS AND SOLAN GEESE

Last year two clever Girl Guiders wrote in the C.N. of their holiday in Skye. This year they elected for a cruise through the Outer Hebrides and a call at the deserted island of St Kilda. The writer is Miss W. M. Comber, who has been Guiding at Knutsford in Cheshire.

When we joined the s.s. Hebrides at Glasgow on June 2 we were astonished to find a party of St Kildans on board going back to their old home for the summer months. They had beds, bedding, and provisions with them, also wool for weaving, as the looms remain on the island and they intend to weave more of the famous St Kilda tweed. One of the party, Findlay Gillies, is 78 years old, and has spent 75 of them on St Kilda. He speaks only Gaelic.

In Lonely Lochs

Another, Neil Ferguson, is the former postmaster and was sometimes called The Uncrowned King of the Island, as he led its Parliament.

We found plenty of interest on the early days of the cruise, stopping in lonely lochs of the Outer Islands, dropping supplies of bread, groceries, pans, and farm implements into ferry and sailing-boats which came out to us for these necessities, and gave us boxes of eggs and sometimes calves in exchange.

It was gloriously sunny, with only a mild breeze, when we set out on the last lap, five hours steaming across the Atlantic. The Hebrides plunged a little, but not enough to keep us from dancing an eightsome reel in which one or two St Kildans joined. Every now and again we saw the great fins of sharks sticking up out of the water; overhead solan geese became more plentiful.

Twilight in the Bay

Actually the St Kilda group consists of five small islands. The largest, Hirta, is only a few hundred acres, most of them inaccessible cliff.

When you first see those few pieces of jagged rock sticking out of the sea it seems incredible that people should have made their home on them for hundreds of years. They have always had sheep on the few grassy slopes, cows, some patches of tillage, and, in addition, have depended on the feathers, oil, and flesh of fulmars and solan geese, of which there are literally millions.

As we entered the bay in the twilight the St Kildans borrowed our glasses and tried eagerly to make out the different houses to see if the storms of winter had done them any serious damage. The sea was comparatively calm, so they decided to land at once with all their gear in case of a change of conditions during the night.

A Trying Experience

The lifeboat was launched and away they went toward the jetty. The two women of the party had some qualms in entering the boat, and certainly it was a trying experience for them to be landed at that hour, with no prospect of going to bed till they could get fires going and air beds and bedding.

The rest of us had to possess ourselves in patience till morning and hope that the wind would not change direction.

Before seven we were on deck and looking eagerly toward the village. Already it had lost its dead and neglected look. Smoke was issuing from two chimneys, the red ensign flew near the shore. Unfortunately mist lay over Conachair, the highest peak of the island, and the light did not promise well for photography. We heard with regret that we could only have about an hour ashore as the captain of the Hebrides was anxious to get away. No

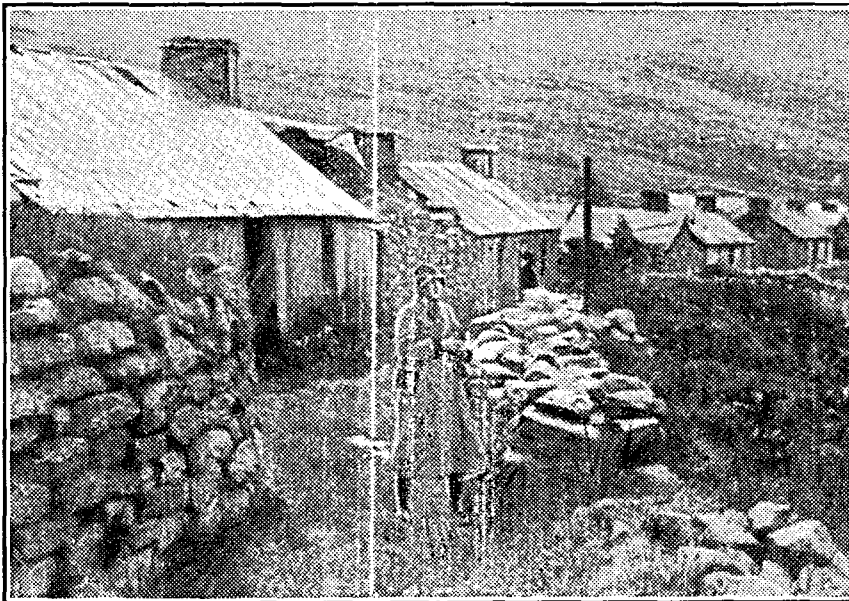
ROBERT YEOMANS DIES AT HIS POST

ROBERT YEOMANS, a railway worker, has died as Nelson died, thankful to be able to say "I have done my duty."

His duty was to safeguard the trains that passed Cottingham South, near Hull, where he was railway signalman. The other day he went on duty as usual, and during four and a half hours he sent trains through in the normal way. But after that there was stillness. The signal-box was called up, and there was no reply. Trains waited in vain for the signal to tell them it was safe to go on their way to Cottingham South.

At last someone went to the cabin, and there found the 60-year-old signalman dead. Even in his mortal illness he had not forgotten his duty. His last thought had been for others, and his last action had been for others. Before he had passed on he had set the signals at danger.

THE DESERTED ISLAND OF ST KILDA



The main street, St Kilda



The slippery jetty where the returning St Kildans landed. See first column.

Continued from the previous column

one who has had much experience of St Kilda seems disposed to trust its temper for long.

As soon as our boat drew near the shore the St Kildans ran down to greet us. First we went to the manse, the largest house, which even boasts a bath. Two good fires gave it quite a homelike appearance. Attached to it is the schoolroom in which generations of St Kilda children have been taught by the minister and sometimes his wife. Desks and books still lay about; the last writings were on the blackboard.

Close by is the mission hall, with its little pulpit, in which services have been held regularly in Gaelic and English. The St Kildans have always been keen church-going people; the present party includes two lay preachers, so Sunday will be observed as in the old days.

The post office is in the middle of the so-called street, which now has its cobbles overgrown with rank grass. Neil Ferguson is once more behind the counter, ready to sell us views of the island and to stamp them with date and place so that all our friends may know we have really been on St Kilda. Just beyond the village is the little

cemetery where rest the ancestors of all the present party and which they will once more put in good order.

The lifeboatmen are already whistling for our return. We have only time to glance at the rusty naval gun, a relic of the Great War, and to shake the Islanders by the hand and wish them the best of luck. All being well, another steamer should call in a fortnight—but you never know.

As soon as possible the Hebrides gets up steam and makes her exit from the bay. Handkerchiefs and tablecloths are waved from both sides.

We pass this time close to the two stacks, of which every available inch is occupied by solan geese. When as near as we dare sail to those formidable rocks we blow our siren, and birds rise in their thousands until the whole sky seems to swim with them. Some follow the steamer closely; it must be an unusual sight for them. Their chestnut heads and their great white bodies stand out against the grey skies.

We have seen much and learned much on this tour, but above all that what to one is a mere patch of barren rock to another is the home he loves with passionate attachment. Pictures on this page

VIOLET WOOD

A VALIANT FRIEND OF ANIMALS

The Woman of Great Courage
And What She Did With It

HUMANE KILLER CHAMPION

Animals have lost one of their bravest champions, for Violet Wood has passed on. We have often spoken of her great work in the C.N.

Countless thousands of animals used for food have been killed painlessly because of her passionate pleading for the use of the humane killer.

There is no place more dreadful to a tender-hearted woman than a slaughterhouse, but for many years this valiant friend of animals visited the slaughterhouses of Europe, where she showed the butchers how to use a humane killer. No mere sentimentalist could have brought herself to slaughter animals, but in her desire to save them from a painful and terrifying death she found courage in her task.

In Many Lands

Not long ago she joined the staff of the Peoples Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, and was international adviser in Spain, Rumania, Greece, Poland, Italy, France. She did a tremendous work lecturing, especially to children, on the care of animals, and if she did not know a language she spoke through an interpreter.

Part of her work was the founding of animal dispensaries in parts of Europe where there was none. Everywhere she found kind hearts and people willing to help suffering animals, once their eyes were opened to the need.

Like her friend Miss Cole, the champion of horses, Miss Wood was small in stature and great in courage, and like Miss Cole also she wore out her health by too much work.

The P.D.S.A., of which the address is 14, Clifford Street, London, W.1, are trying to raise £5000 as a memorial to her, so that none of her fine work abroad may be dropped. A sixpenny fund is also being organised to which the children among whom she worked are asked to subscribe.

Chained-Up Dogs

Miss Wood spent much of her spare time going round the country searching for chained-up dogs and taking them for walks. Often she persuaded the owners to promise to give these poor creatures more liberty and a longer chain for their hours of captivity. Her great wish was that children should take up this work in their holidays, touring villages, offering to take chained-up dogs for walks, and distributing literature.

A happy dog does not bark at night was one of her maxims. It is the dog who has no exercise, whose bed is not warm, and who is hungry that disturbs our rest. The reward of many a dog's faithful guardianship of our property is too often imprisonment for life. But Miss Wood believed that as civilisation progresses the evil of the chained dog will be lessened.

An old friend of the C.N. was Violet Wood, a fragrant name for a fragrant memory.

NOT MANY PEOPLE BUT MILLIONS OF SHEEP

New Zealand has only a million and a half people, but she has 30 million sheep.

So well do the farmers of New Zealand manage their farms that they can boast that their country has more sheep and more dairy cows a head of population than any other land.

New Zealand has 20 sheep for every man, woman, and child; while Australia, which has six million people, has 17 sheep a head. Next on the list comes the South American country of Uruguay with nine sheep a head.

20 YEARS OF CHANCE ENCOUNTERS

A Very Small World

The annoying part about trite observations is that they are always so true. We are always hearing that it is a small world and we are always proving that it is.

Mr Allan Munro of Scotland is convinced of the fact. Twenty years ago he met Mr W. Andre of Australia in Montreal. A year later, neither of them having heard a word of each other in the meantime, they met in New York. Twelve months later they ran across one another in Liverpool, and three years later they saw each other in Halifax. Chance brought them together in Durban eighteen years ago, when they hired the same rickshaw.

The other day, arriving in Sydney after an eighteen-months tour of the East, Mr Munro walked into a Sydney hotel and a few yards away from him was Mr Andre. Even stranger than that, a few yards away stood Mr J. Murphy of North Sydney. He approached Mr Munro and asked if they had not played football together as boys in Scotland, which proved to be true.

These strange encounters take place the world over, and it is extraordinary to think that while these casual acquaintances meet all over the world there are families trying to trace relatives in different parts of the world, many of whom are never found. A small world, but a very big one.

SHIPS THAT PASS

It is general knowledge that when vessels are sighted at sea the ensign of each vessel is lowered in salutation, but how many know of the conversations carried on between passing ships?

"What is your name?" signals the warship. "Where are you going? What cargo are you carrying? Have you had good weather? Bon voyage!" are typical messages sent out, and suitable replies are invariably received.

A complete record of all signals passing between warships and the mercantile marine is kept, and details are forwarded to the Admiralty, who publish the results periodically.

The latest report is for the last quarter of last year. During this period 1483 successful exercises were carried out between the Navy and the Merchant Service; H.M.S. Dahlia in the Red Sea having the largest number to her credit with a total of 127.

ASTONISHING AMERICA

From the United States comes the news that early in June aeroplanes were used against strikers in Ohio.

Unfortunately, strikes and lock-outs in America are still conducted with great brutality, and pitched battles often take place. Bodies of strike-breakers are brought in to take the place of striking workmen, and bitter quarrels and struggles result. At a place called Cambridge, after our English Cambridge, the strikers stoned the lorries bringing up strike-breakers, and an aeroplane of the National Guard was sent for.

It is said to have flown low over the strikers, dropping tear-gas bombs on them and bringing the fight to an end.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

What are we here for? Many a man has asked himself that.

A good answer is made by one of the late Lord Antrim's friends, who said:

If our only job in the world is to know something of what God really is and show it forth in our lives, then Ducie has done as fine a piece of work as any man ever did.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

UGLY ALLOTMENTS Why Not Beautiful Ones?

Allotments must be made more beautiful. That is the decision of the National Allotments Society, which has lately been holding a conference at Birmingham.

The committee has proposed that some local authority should direct the designing and lay-out of allotment plots. They are strongly of the opinion that shabby, makeshift shanties and patched-up fences should be abolished. If the allotment societies paid a small additional rent it might be possible to provide neat one-man or community huts with unity of design.

We welcome this good idea, for it is high time our higgledy-piggledy allotments, which are too often blots on the landscape, were made as beautiful as they are useful. The committee rightly considers that the laying-out of this ground is as important as the laying-out of parks and recreation grounds, and there is no reason why the plots should not be bordered with shrubs or flower edgings.

It is proposed that allotment-holders should be given five years of complete security. Then gradually the land might be taken over by the local authorities, and the whole allotment scheme better organised, the ground being used for a definite public purpose which has the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture.

EIGHTEEN HEROES.

The world is full of goodness, whatever the pessimists may say.

The Royal Humane Society has just awarded bronze medals and certificates on vellum or parchment to 18 brave people who risked their lives to save the lives of others.

One is dead: the medal was awarded in memoriam to Mrs Mary Riddell. She was 24, with her life before her, but when she saw another woman's child fall into a millpond she ran in to the rescue. She was drowned, but a man was able to save the child.

A middle-aged man, Harry Brown, and a young constable, P.C. Scown, were the heroes of a rescue at Atherstone in Warwickshire. The floods swept a horse and cart over a bridge into some flooded fields, and two men in the cart would have been drowned in 14 feet of water if they had not been able to reach a pole and cling to it. They could not hang on for ever. Brown went out to them in a punt three times, although it filled with water once and capsized a second time, and on the third attempt upset and drifted away. But he had already got one man safe to the roadway, and the other was rescued by Scown, who swam with him to the roadway, and then returned for Brown. The rescuer had lost his punt and was clinging to the pole, but, encouraged by the constable, he swam to safety.

THE TREAT

The Sunday School Treat is still an institution, and through it every year hundreds of thousands of children are taken to the country or seaside.

Railway companies estimate that in a year, between Sunday Schools, Day Schools, and Bands of Hope, more than a million children are taken on holiday by train. In addition an enormous number travel to their destination by road.

Excursions sometimes go far. Last year a large party of children was taken from Devonshire to Brussels and back.

TELEGRAMS FROM TRAINS

They are making arrangements in Switzerland for sending your telegrams from your train direct while the train is still in full course. The telegram is to be limited to 14 words, address included, and the cost of a telegram to Great Britain will be only 5s 6d. This may often be worth while.

A NEW KIND OF WAR In the Microbe World

Science is devising remarkable new methods of waging war against microbes.

One of the latest of these is by blowing them to pieces. Bags of flour, bales of cotton, and sacks of seeds can be dealt with in the new way, which is to force carbon dioxide gas into them under a tremendous pressure of 800 pounds to the square inch.

The gas becomes liquid, and the goods become wetted with the liquid carbon dioxide. Then all at once the pressure is released, and the sudden expansion of the carbon dioxide, as it becomes gas again, blows the bacteria to pieces. Some wonderful vaccines are being prepared in this way.

Yet another means of warfare against bacteria is to kill them by noise. A tremendous squeak is made by a vibrating nickel tube immersed in a liquid. The sound waves travelling out from the tube through the liquid have been discovered to cause death to all kinds of microbes.

A squeak machine has been tried which sterilises 100 quarts of milk an hour, merely by flowing the milk over the vibrating tube.

MARY SCHARLIEB

Mary Scharlieb is not to be forgotten. She was the first woman surgeon to be admitted on a hospital staff.

Let girls who are training for the medical profession think of that and what it means, and remember, too, that Mary Scharlieb was admitted, not because she was a woman, but because she was a great surgeon.

A memorial ward has been opened in her name in the Royal Free Hospital, and a tablet on the walls leaves no one in doubt of her honours.

This ward commemorates the life and work of Dame Mary Scharlieb, D.B.E., M.S., M.D., D.C.L., J.P., 1845-1930, as gynaecologist to the Royal Free Hospital. She was the first woman to serve on the staff of any general hospital.

Mary Scharlieb did a great deal more than that; perhaps her greatest work was in connection with the women of India. But we are very glad they added those few last words. They mark a period, reveal a whole generation of struggle. So easily do people forget, climbing the rocky ascent to the achievement of their choice, what hearts and fingers bled when the first steps were cut in that rock. Those women pioneers in the medical profession had a rough time — Sophia Jex Blake, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, Mary Scharlieb, Elsie Inglis — to mention a few great names. They fought against ignorance and prejudice for the world's lasting good, and we should not forget it.

A LEAFLET

There is something amazingly attractive to the general public in the free gift of a leaflet on any subject.

It is usually left unread, and thrown away after the fleeting joy of holding it in the hand is over; but it is encouraging to learn that none of the 20,000 leaflets taken away by visitors to the Mineral Department of the Natural History Museum has been tracked as litter.

Perhaps the number of those acquainted with lists of gem-stones and building and road stones and radium-bearing minerals is greater than we usually suppose.

PRIDE OF A FACTORY

Mr William Hallam, of Loughborough, a veteran of 88, still works from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. at a hosiery factory, of which he is the "father." At 21 he went to Loughborough and worked for the Nottingham Manufacturing Company for 55 years.

He is a teetotaler and a man of punctual and regular habits. He takes a pride in his work and is an example to all young workers.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE Four Crops of Wool in a Year

Something new in wool-gathering is being tried in Russia, and it appears to be successful, for it is stated that sheep are giving their coats four times a year.

Professor N. A. Ilyin has devised this new method, which may possibly make shearing obsolete. A small dose of a special preparation of mineral salts is given to the sheep, and after a few days the fleece is said to become so loose that it may be peeled off completely.

The sheep is not long without its coat, however, for a new one begins to grow immediately and at a much quicker rate than after the more usual shearing.

An extra advantage claimed for this method is that the moult can be made to take place in two stages, the first taking only the finer wool and the second that which is coarser. Rabbits may be made to give their coats in similar fashion.

With four gatherings of wool from one sheep in a year it seems that Russia has found its Golden Fleece.

THERE HAVE BEEN SLUMPS BEFORE

So short is the public memory that many people seem to believe that the present trade crisis is unprecedented.

In truth it is only the last of a long series of trade depressions. It is big and has been sudden, but that is only a matter of degree. The world deals now on a larger scale and therefore its depressions are larger.

After the Franco-Prussian War, two generations ago, there was a great slump which lasted for a considerable period and affected all parts of the world. In the United States the production of iron dropped heavily. If we take iron as a test we find that in the United States production has dropped again and again.

While between 1929 and 1931 the American iron output dropped from 42 million tons to 18 million tons, there were similar drops between 1883 and 1890, in 1907-1908, in 1913-1914, and again in 1920-1921. Let us not forget that, whereas in 1920 the American iron production was 37 million tons, in 1921 it was less than 17 millions. Yet by 1929 it had again increased to 42 millions. We may hope that in a few years it will be bigger still.

We must continually remind ourselves that there have been depressions before, and we must not allow ourselves to believe that action cannot rescue us. It is true, however, that the present slump is of such dimensions that it has become dangerous to the stability of many countries.

RAILWAY SHOPS

We are glad to see that railway companies are increasingly alive to the need to improve shopping facilities in and about railway stations.

Railway terminuses now often contain not only bookstalls and tobacco kiosks, but shops for the sale of sweets, fruit, drugs, hosiery, and fancy goods.

We are surprised that the railway companies do not do more in this direction. A railway station should have a post office as a matter of course. It is surprising to find what small and obscure post offices are thought sufficient for big railway stations.

THE BARN OWL

Who will help to take a barn owl census?

The decreasing number of these beautiful white owls is causing anxiety to bird-lovers and farmers, and Mr G. B. Blaker, of Nuthurst, Sussex, is mapping out areas and supplying hints on how to set about making a census of where the birds are nesting.

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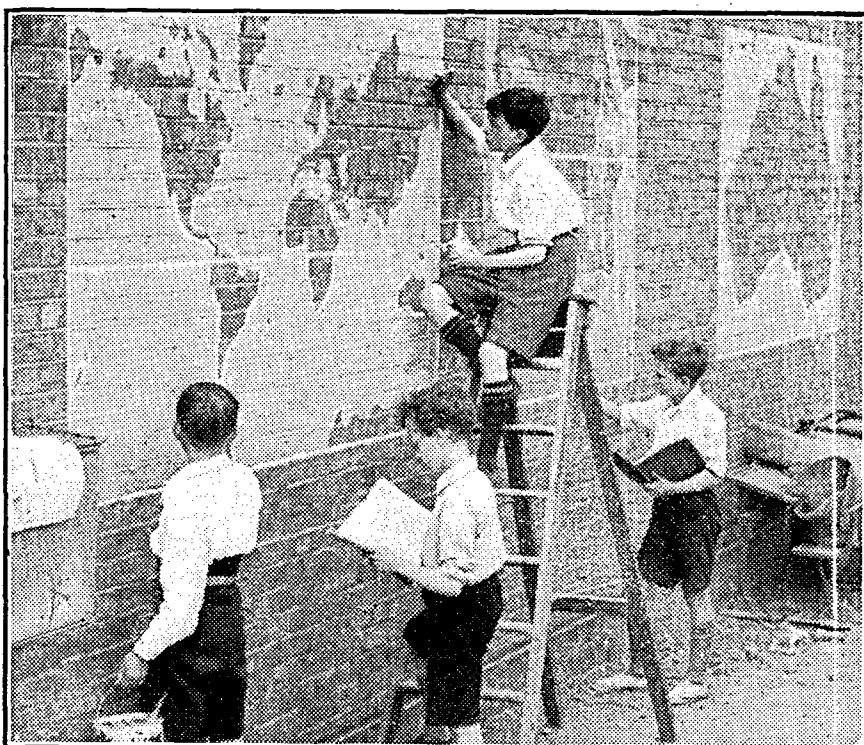
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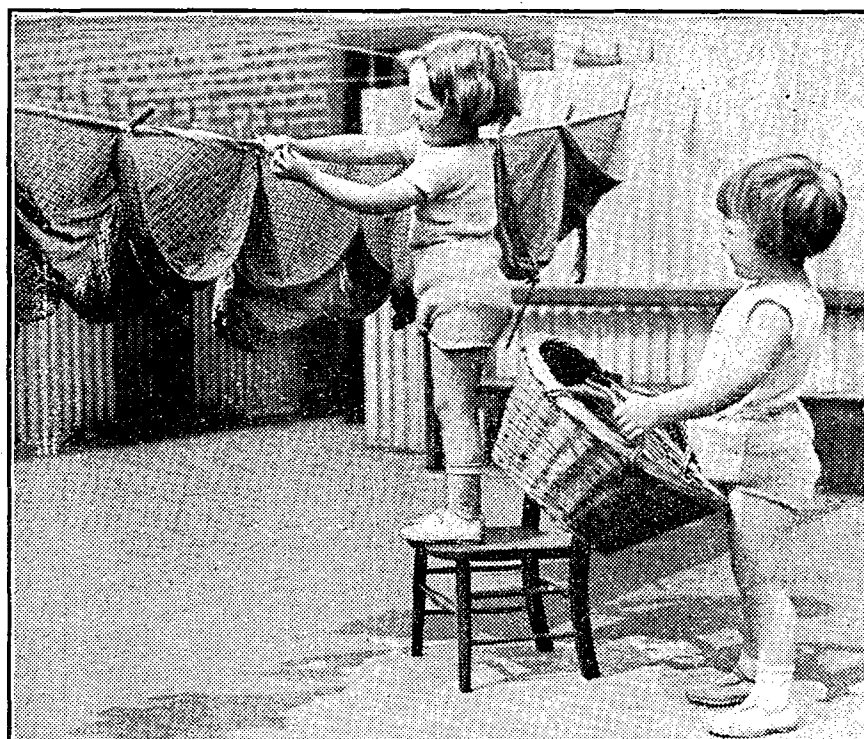
BOYS PAINT MAPS · AN AIR EXPRESS · OXEN IN THE HAYFIELD



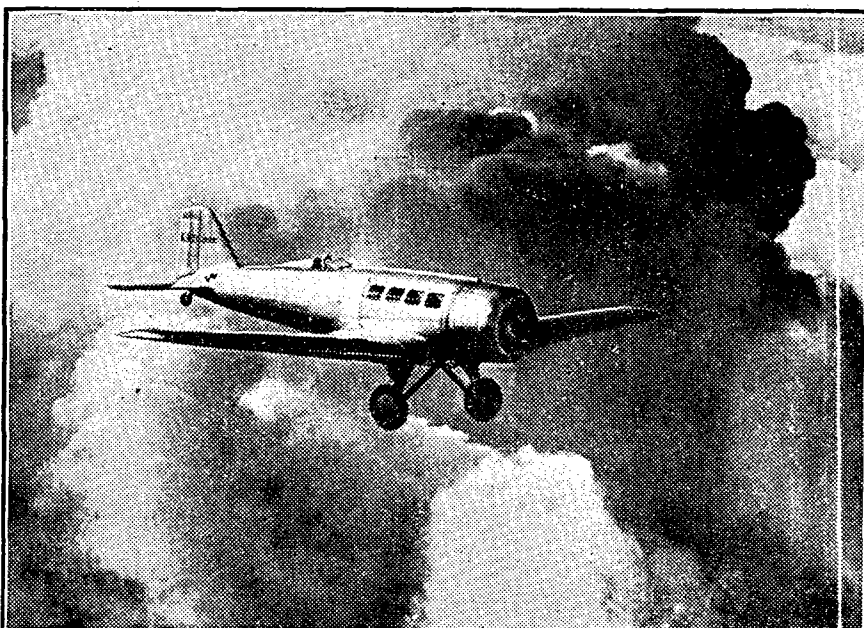
Watering the Horses—These horses have stopped for a drink at Henbury near Bristol. They are hauling fallen timber from the grounds of Blaise Castle, which has been bought by the Bristol Corporation.



The Geography Lesson—As part of their geography lesson these boys of an open-air school at Streatham Hill are painting a number of maps on a brick wall.



Washing Day—The little ones at the Kingsway Creche in London make themselves useful on washing day by hanging out the clothes to dry, as shown here.



An Air Express—All possible air-resistance has been eliminated from this American passenger plane, which has a speed of 170 miles an hour. The cabin holds six people.



Oxen in the Hayfield—The famous oxen that work on the Earl of Bathurst's estate at Cirencester are here seen in harness during the haymaking.

HOW TO MEET OLD FOES THE BETTER WAY

Talking Over the Terrible Days
of the War

THE BLACK KNIGHT OF THE AIR

It is true that things are not always what they seem.

At Hanworth Aerodrome the other day what was, apparently a meeting between old friends delighted to see each other again was actually a reunion of old foes who had grimly tried to kill each other.

It was the Master of Sempill who brought these English and German airmen together again. Not long ago in Germany, where he met several famous airmen of the war, he heard how much they would like to meet again some of their old foes and talk over experiences; and he promised to arrange a meeting.

After a Game of Tennis

When the invitations to the Royal Aeronautical Garden Party were being sent out he suggested that some of the German war heroes should be invited. Two accepted, and came to Hanworth.

Strawberries and cream make a better welcome than shrapnel and bullets. Baron von Schleich, who earned the nickname of the Black Knight during the war, recognised his old antagonist at once when he met Captain Reece, now a Liverpool business man, who had come up to town to shake hands and be friends.

"You were in white flannels then!" the German reminded him, and both smiled as they remembered the last time they had met after a terrible combat in the air.

Captain Reece had been playing tennis behind the lines when he was suddenly sent up, without having time to change his clothes, on what proved to be his last flight from Arras.

No Reason For Dejection

After a grim fight with the Black Knight, one of the most dreaded foes of the air, he was shot down and taken prisoner. Ruefully he had looked at his flannels, thinking he might have to face the rigours of winter with nothing else, but considering that he had been shot down from 17,000 feet and escaped unhurt, the first antagonist the Black Knight had not brought down in flames, he began to feel that there was no real reason for being dejected.

Another of the guests who had an enthusiastic reception was Baron von Richthofen, a cousin of the famous airman who was killed in 1918 and whose name had been a household word during the war. As he stepped out of the German plane at Lympne Major Draper, who had fought against his cousin, presented him with a piece of the fabric of von Richthofen's aeroplane, which had been taken from it as a souvenir when it was shot down behind the British lines.

FOR THE NEXT WAR?

Our Exports of War Material

The League of Nations has compiled a year book of the Trade in Arms. It is a big volume, costing 16s, because the trade is, unfortunately, a very big one.

It is shown that Britain is the largest exporter of war material.

In six years our exports of arms and ammunition have been worth about £20,000,000. Exports of this kind by all countries actually amounted to £67,000,000. Next to Britain, France and America are the largest exporters.

It should be added, however, that about half the British exports of this sort are made within the British Empire.

ELEVEN OLD HORSES The Right Sort of Memorial

A HAPPY OLD AGE FOR THEM

It is over a year since Miss Ada Cole, founder of the international league against the export of horses for butchery, left this world. But her soul goes marching on, and so does the work which she put into motion.

The right sort of memorial of this wonderful woman has been set up already, and is of a kind that would have given delight to Miss Cole.

Stables accommodating eleven worn-out horses have been built at South Mimms, near St Albans. They have been named the Ada Cole Memorial Stables, and it is good to know that there will always be a place where eleven of the many unjustly treated horses of this country, will spend the evening of their days in peace and happiness instead of being exported alive to foreign countries, worked almost to death and then cruelly butchered.

There is still much uphill work for the league which Miss Cole founded, of which the headquarters are at 5, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1. Old horses are still being exported in hundreds for butchery. More than one and a half millions of profit are made every year by the men who buy them in overseas countries, for they sell the glue and other products of these horses chiefly to England. The money they pocket is a direct loss to our farmers, who sell their worn-out horses to foreign markets at very cheap rates.

AMERICA'S ABBEY

George Washington's Dream Comes True

The formal opening of Washington Cathedral on Mount St Alban marks the fulfilment of one of the hopes and dreams of George Washington.

The corner-stone was laid 25 years ago; and since that time the construction of America's Westminster Abbey has been going steadily forward.

It is a noble building in the Gothic style, rising to a vaulted ceiling nearly 100 feet high. No steel was used in its framework, and every effort has been made to reproduce the spirit and feeling of a medieval cathedral. The altar was carved from stone which came from the quarry where the material was cut for Solomon's Temple; the Emperor of Abyssinia sent the great gold cross. Here are to be buried the nation's notables.

Bishop Manning speaks of it as "a monumental work... an eloquent symbol of a nation's hope and aspirations, the visible witness to a faith that is indispensable to our peace and security, a striking reply to those who imagine that God has been made obsolete by our microscopes, radios, and dynamos."

Although the United States sets out with a handicap of a thousand years, she will, if she is not in too great a hurry, build for herself, with the aid of these beautiful and symbolical objects and the memory of her greatest servants buried there, a sanctuary which will nourish, strengthen, and unify the spiritual life of her people and come in time to mean to Americans what Westminster means to us. Americans who want to feel the glowing importance of that first thousand years will still be seen, however, walking reverent and bareheaded in the Abbey, for all but the last 300 of those thousand years were theirs as well as ours.

THE GOLDEN UNEMPLOYED

The American Federation of Labour has made an estimate of the unemployed in the United States at the end of March. It comes out at 10,634,000.

This is the land which has obtained a store of far more gold than is possessed by any other country in the world.

A POWERFUL MAN LAID LOW Mustapha Nafei Goes To Prison

A MASTER CRIMINAL

Mohamed Mustapha Nafei, now spending five years in an Egyptian prison for his crimes, takes a high place among the world's worst men.

He was a master criminal who supplied the drugs of cocaine, hashish, heroin, and opium to wreck the lives, hearts, and consciences of those weak and wicked enough to indulge in them.

Such persons are only one degree better than the criminal who supplies their vicious demands. If no one bought the drugs such men as Mohamed Nafei could not flourish.

Like a Film Story

But flourish he did for thirty years on this terrible weakness of his fellow-men. His prosperity was built on the moral and physical ruin of many thousands of people. Among the worst sufferers were the Egyptians among whom he implanted the poisonous habit.

His career is an example of the saying that truth is stranger than fiction. It reads like one of the film stories on which we are supposed to feed our minds, and he was a striking resemblance in method to all we have heard of the bootleggers, racketeers, and gangsters of America.

Nafei organised the drug traffic. He had agents in all the cities of the Eastern Mediterranean shore. He founded a shipping company as a disguise to his smuggling. He had in Cairo his own well-equipped chemical laboratory.

Villas he rented concealed the drugs. He compromised harmless citizens and then blackmailed them to do his dirty work. His motor-cars carried rifles and ammunition with the drugs.

In the Net of the Law

Then, just as he was still further expanding his business, multiplying his agents, and widening his net, he fell into the net of the law. He struggled hard, but in vain. The master criminal met his master in the commandant of the Cairo police.

We are not optimistic enough to suppose that he will spend the next five years in meditating that honesty is the best policy. He had tried honesty when he was, thirty years ago, an official of the Egyptian State Railways, and found it less remunerative than crime.

But his race is now run, and in prison the way of the transgressor will not be easy. It is something to the good, in these days when crime is very skillfully organised and when master criminals are not mere figments of the story-writers but real and formidable threats to society, that one of them should be laid by the heels.

ON A ROLL OF HONOUR A Mistake To Put Right

We have received a note from one of our travelling correspondents which seems to call for a little attention from someone at the lovely church of Withiam in Sussex.

There is in this church a memorial neatly cut into a pillar, framed in blue and gold, which tells us that in each one of the five years of the war somebody in this village fell.

Among those on the Roll of Honour is Gilbert Earl de la Warr, and he is mentioned as the seventh earl. But he was not the seventh earl; he was the eighth.

The memorial also gives the year of his death as 1915, but he died in 1916.

It seems to us a pity that these things should be. If his name shall live for evermore it should be right.

UNEXPECTED FINDS Loser's Luck in Moscow and New York TWO STRANGE STORIES

Police Commissioner Mulrooney has received a letter from a lucky loser thanking him for having put an end to what he calls "thievery" in New York City.

Commissioner Mulrooney is modest about this communication, feeling, no doubt, that the author was a little carried away by his good fortune in finding his lost overcoat, and may therefore have slightly exaggerated the facts.

The overcoat was a handsome one of fur, worth over £100. The owner thought his chauffeur was looking after it, the chauffeur thought the owner had it with him in the back seat, whereas the truth was that it had slipped out of the car when the door was opened to put in some parcels. And it had chosen one of the busiest corners of all New York for this bit of acrobatics. Fortunately it was tied up in a cardboard box, so that no one paid the slightest attention to it; and an hour later, when the frantic owner returned to the scene of his loss, there lay the box on the kerb, the costly coat safe inside.

In Despair

Another city which enjoys a peculiarly bad reputation for "thievery" is Moscow. Our travelling correspondent was therefore in despair to find that she had left her new typewriter in the taxi the morning she arrived there. As the little machine costs in Russia almost as much as a Baby Austin costs here there seemed small chance of her ever seeing her property again.

Her friends were almost in tears, so distressed were they that their beloved country should show such an inhospitable face to a stranger, and there was much eager discussion as to whom to appeal and how to identify the taxi.

A Knock at the Door

The talk was still going on when there came a knock at the door, and a man wanted to know if a foreign lady had arrived there that morning. Had she lost something? He was the next passenger in the cab. Having discovered the typewriter in its small, black case he had taken counsel with the driver as to its probable owner, and had gone far out of his way to unearth her in a labyrinth of poor people's flats and return her her property.

"Do please write that to the papers!" the Russians cried. "Tell people outside that not everyone in our country steals."

Although it is probably still a wise plan to watch one's purse rather closely, in both New York and Moscow, it is a pleasure to record these two instances of carelessness which did not result in the expected loss.

THE B.B.B.

C.N. Friends Please Join

Our wild birds have now got their own band. It is called the Birds Birthday Band.

The B.B.B. is not meant to rival the B.B.C., nor does it mean that the cuckoo has given up his cry and taken to the bassoon, or that the blackbird will in future blow his tunes through a bugle.

The band itself is made up of kindly humans who promise to remember the birds on their birthday.

Instead of only receiving presents on that day the members of this band are going to send to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds a small payment in gratitude for the free entertainment given them by the birds during the year.

Any C.N. reader who would like to remember the birds in this way should write for a form of membership to Miss Richenda Bland, Inglethorpe Manor, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, who will also send each member an illustrated reminder card a few days before his or her birthday.

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CERES AT ITS NEAREST THE LARGEST PLANETOID

But the Earth is 5000 Times as Big

IS IT PART OF A MISSING WORLD?

By the C.N. Astronomer

The little world of Ceres is now at its nearest but very low down in the southern evening sky among the stars of the constellation of Sagittarius the Archer.

Ceres is, unfortunately, not visible to the naked eye, being between seventh and eighth magnitude; and though within reach of the powers of good field-glasses it would be difficult to identify among the numerous stars of this region at such a low altitude.

Its exact position is, however, not difficult to find with the aid of our star-map. It is some way to the right of Saturn, and almost in line with the prominent stars Tau and Sigma in Sagittarius. These, with Zeta and Phi, make a very obvious quartette.

Saturn now rises about 9.50, and so by 11 o'clock may be observed low in the south-east, the brightest star in that



The position of Ceres relative to Saturn and some of the stars of Sagittarius

part of the sky. The position of Ceres may then be readily found.

Ceres is of particular interest as being the largest of the great family of asteroids, or, more correctly, planetoids. It is 477 miles in diameter, whereas the little planetoid which was recently discovered by Dr Reinmuth and came within six and a half million miles of the Earth is the smallest known, being only about four miles in diameter.

Ceres could, therefore, rest on Britain, covering rather more of the area than extends from London to Inverness. But it would take 5000 worlds the size of Ceres to make a world the size of ours.

Now, as not many more than 2000 of this great family of little worlds (or fragments of a big one) are known we can see that if they were all put together they would not make a world nearly as large as ours, even if they were as large as Ceres. Indeed most of them are very much smaller: few exceed 100 miles in diameter.

There are several reasons for regarding these planetoids as fragments of a world that either exploded, or was shattered by impact, or otherwise broken into fragments ages ago. The fact that their orbits can be traced back mathematically to a common origin, notwithstanding the great variety they present, as well as the evidence of their irregular shape (as, for example, Eros and the last little one discovered by Dr Reinmuth), points to the great probability that they are all fragments of a world destroyed by some terrific catastrophe.

Many Missing Fragments

But it could not have been a world as large as Mars, or even our Moon, unless many parts are missing. No doubt there are innumerable fragments revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter which, if no larger than the Reinmuth fragment, would remain invisible unless they came exceptionally near the Earth.

Then there would be myriads of particles smaller than this, all of which might if coalesced add considerably to the missing world. But even then it is doubtful if it would have been as large as Mars.

Ceres is at present about 160 million miles away and never comes nearer than about 150 million miles. It gives the impression of being an arid burned-up mass of matter like dark basalt or lava, reflecting only 18 per cent of the Sun's light

G. F. M.

L. N. P.

Two More Links in the Chain of World Peace

A FRIENDLY INVASION OF YOUNG GERMANS TO ENGLAND

Leicester and Ipswich are doing some fine work for world peace, and we hope other cities will follow their lead.

This summer 30 German boys and girls from Magdeburg are making a rambling tour in the South of England, finishing up with a visit to Leicester, where they have been invited to stay as the guests of the Newton Boys School. Their great wish is to get into touch with the Youth Movement in England and to exchange opinions on the popular subject of rambling.

When they return to Germany 30 Leicester schoolchildren are to spend four weeks as their guests at Magdeburg.

Seeing English Home Life

Ipswich is forging a strong link in the chain of peace by welcoming parties of school students from abroad who belong to the World Exploration Society. They are paying successive visits to England during the summer. The Town Council has lent the society a large hall in one of the public parks.

Thirty-four school students from Aachen came in the first party, and were given a civic reception. The Mayor showed them the chief places of interest.

Visits were also made to London, Cambridge, Felixstowe, and last, but not least, they were invited to see the school sports at Northgate. The society followed up this jolly afternoon by inviting the visitors from overseas to spend a day with them so that they could see something of English home life.

When the guests left England they were given a rousing send-off at Ipswich, and it is hoped that a party of English students will soon make a return visit to Germany.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: **L.N.P., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.**

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. Office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



The L.N.P. Badge

THE MAGIC FLOWER OF SUMATRA

If the world had not been full of wonders there would have been no fairy tales.

A C.N. correspondent who read our account of the magic Battak book found in the interior of Sumatra writes to tell us of what is almost like a magic flower growing in the forests of this East Indian island.

Wonder-wonder is the name given by the Battaks to this huge scarlet flower, which is three feet wide. The enormous petals are covered with yellow spots, and the nectary at their base forms a cup which will hold 24 tumblersful of water. The surprising thing about this miraculous flower is that it has very little root or stem. *Rafflesia arnoldia* is its modern name, and our correspondent believes it was named after Mr Arnold, who discovered it.

Its European name is not so unromantic as it might seem, for the first word reminds us that in all probability the flower was known to Sir Stamford Raffles the founder of the port of Singapore and of the London Zoo, who made a vast collection of East Indian flowers. What better memorial of this great man could there be than that one of the most wonderful flowers in the world should bear his name?

JOANNA'S BABY

A RARE ZOO INFANT

Capuchin Monkey Seldom Reared in the Gardens

PRETTY SIGHT FOR VISITORS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The most distinguished animal at the Zoo just now is Joanna, a brown capuchin monkey, for she is the proud possessor of a baby.

Only once in fifty years has the menagerie had a mother capuchin and offspring. South American monkeys very seldom breed in the Gardens, so the event is of considerable importance.

The baby's parents are well-known Monkey House pets. Joanna is one of the tamest monkeys ever seen at the Zoo, and she and Charlie, the father, have long enjoyed the privilege of playing with visitors.

Joanna is a dainty little monkey, and her infant is a tiny creature with a pink, wrinkled face, long arms and legs, and a head that seems far too big in proportion to the rest of him.

Disturbingly Human

Instead of being thickly clad in light brown fur, like his mother, the little monkey is scantily covered with hair of a much darker shade, and his general appearance is rather disturbingly human. Never for a moment is he parted from Joanna. Unless she sits down and nurses him in her arms he clings to her body with his arms and legs and pillows his head on her breast. As she walks about the cage she frequently pats his head with her hand to make sure he is still there.

They make a charming picture, because capuchins are particularly demonstrative monkeys, disposed to caress anyone for whom they feel affection; and as gentle Joanna is a very loving mother she takes a keen delight in petting and tending her baby.

Fortunately the little creature arrived during a spell of warm, sunny weather, and has everything in his favour.

WHO WAS BEN JONSON?

Born London, 1573. Died London, 1637.

One of the most celebrated poets and dramatists, he was the posthumous son of a clergyman. His mother marrying a bricklayer as her second husband, the boy was taken from school, and put to work at his stepfather's trade. His spirit revolted against it and he fled, to join the Army as a private soldier and serve bravely in a campaign in Holland.

Returning to England he began to earn his bread as author and actor. A duel with a brother actor terminating fatally for his antagonist, Jonson was imprisoned, and narrowly escaped execution. At twenty-four he published his famous play, *Every Man in His Humour*, and thereafter produced a play annually for several years, in addition to masques and smaller pieces for the Court.

His share in a dramatic piece which Court favourites resented nearly cost him his nose and ears, which he was condemned to lose in the pillory. He soon regained the Royal favour, became virtual Poet Laureate, and, following journeyings on the Continent, was the recipient of honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge Universities. But his health was now impaired, and he died of palsy, being buried in Westminster Abbey with the simple epitaph, *O Rare Ben Jonson*.

His dramas exhibit pungent humour and profound philosophy. They are unequal, as are his poems; but while Shakespeare is accounted among the gods of English verse, Jonson is in the forefront of the giants. Some of his songs are for all time. In spite of his poverty and hard youth he was among the most learned men of his age.



Summer Meals for Children

"Cold 'Ovaltine!' That's what I want," says Kenneth.

So often in these days the children refuse any foods except dainty salads, fruit dishes, and the lightest of summer fare! Yet their health and energy may be impaired by this diet because such foods supply insufficient body-building nourishment.

The reason why they are often tired and fatigued in hot weather is simply because they are expending energy all day long, and sufficient new energy is not being created to make good the loss.

That is why cold "Ovaltine" is becoming so popular. It is made from malt extract, fresh liquid milk and new-laid eggs, and is not only a delightfully refreshing drink, it is also brimful of nourishment. Added to the ordinary light summer diet it supplies all the energy-giving, health-maintaining nutritive elements which that diet lacks. With the regular use of cold "Ovaltine" energy and health never flag, summer lassitude and fatigue are avoided.

Give your children this delicious beverage every day. You will be surprised and delighted at the way it maintains their health and vitality during the hot weather.

Cold "Ovaltine" is easy to prepare by adding "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water. Mix for a minute with an egg whisk or in a shaker.

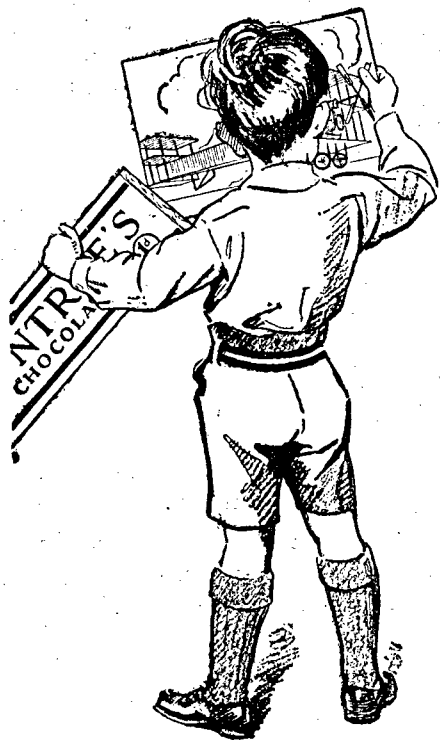
'OVALTINE'

Served **COLD**

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P651

Over 8,000 PRIZES!



Save the pictures and get one!

YOU'LL like your Rowntree's penny bar better than ever now that there's a coloured picture wrapped up with it! Don't throw away the picture — you'll need it to win a prize.

Rowntree's are offering 8,000 prizes for boys and girls who eat penny bars! Just collect the pictures—there are ten sets. But first send up twelve wrappers, and Rowntree's will post you a beautiful album for the pictures, with the competition rules. Address: Rowntree & Co. Ltd., Dept. AA3, The Cocoa Works, York.

ROWNTREE'S

1² BARS (Wrapped)

MILK — NUT-MILK — PLAIN

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THE HEROINE WIFE OF A HERO Mrs Bruce's Wonderful Life of Service

Unknown heroines are to be found in many lonely outposts of the Empire.

For 20 years Mrs C. G. Bruce, who has died in London, made her home at Abbotabad in the North-West Province of India and shared many of the hardships and sacrifices made by her husband in the service of their country.

To sit at home alone and wait, often in anxiety lest her husband should never return, was the lot of this brave woman, but she made the best of her lonely times, and her beautiful garden was famous. Her help and sympathy were always ready for those in trouble.

To every C.N. reader the name of General Bruce, her husband, is well known as that of the leader of the last two Everest expeditions. To himself and his wife these were only two items in a crowded life.

During his 35 years of soldiering in India General Bruce fought in every one of the frontier wars, and year after year almost every minute of his leave was spent in climbing in the Alps or exploring in the Himalayas. Sometimes Mrs Bruce went with him, and few women have camped at higher altitudes. As well as contributing to her husband's books she wrote one on Kashmir.

Three years ago, when the Bruces were enjoying a well-deserved rest in Wales, Mrs Bruce suddenly made up her mind to take the place of her sister, who had died, as principal of the school she had founded near Aldeburgh in Suffolk. She had wonderful success, but the work was too much of a strain for her health, which had been undermined during her life in India.

To wear out rather than rust out was characteristic of Mrs Bruce.

LEAVING THE COURT WITH A SMILE

In Chicago the other day a man was charged with stealing £12,000 from the State bank. He was identified by two of the bank officials.

When his case came to trial the State Attorney asked that the charge should be dismissed *because the two bank officials did not want to give evidence.*

It seems that these officials had had their lives threatened and had been compelled to live under guard. Therefore they desired to back out of the case.

Said the judge: "I don't believe that the State Attorney should stand here and confess he is not big enough to keep these men protected. I think Bere (one of the officials) is big enough to take care of himself."

To this the prosecuting attorney replied: "Not when he is faced with a machine gun."

Upon this the judge dismissed the case, and the accused, it is said, left the court with a happy smile.

S O S—OFFICIAL Mayday in the Air

S O S, the distress call of ships, and Mayday (from the French *M'aidez*, meaning Help me), the distress call of aircraft, are soon to be officially recognised by the navies and mercantile marines of the world.

Hitherto these calls, though generally accepted, have had no official sanction. Sanction will be given when a new International Code, with English as the basic language, comes into use.

This code has been drawn up by an international committee, which has worked on it for the past two years.

It contains tables for communicating symptoms of illness to ships carrying doctors, an innovation in the history of sea-signalling.

SEEKING NEW HOMES A Boatload of Refugees HOW THE LEAGUE HELPS THEM ON

A boatload of refugees landed in Marseilles one morning in June, crossed France to Bordeaux, and set sail again for South America.

What stories they might have told could we have understood their language, for they came from Harbin in Manchuria and spoke only Russian, unless some of them still remembered their long-ago German tongue.

Their great-great-grandfathers left Germany and Switzerland a century and a half ago to settle in Russia at the invitation of Catherine the Second; and there they lived, in Wolhynia on the Volga and in Siberia, happy, useful lives, still keeping their Lutheran faith and building towns which they named after their own cities of Wurtemberg, Basel, Zurich. They became prosperous, and by their thrift, industry, and high standard of conduct earned a fine reputation among their Russian hosts.

But the revolution came, followed by the Soviet rule, and these peasant farmers found it necessary to abandon their homes and seek others. They set out on their long trek, and those who were strong enough to endure much hardship finally crossed, in the winter of 1930, the frozen rivers of Siberia and Manchuria and at last reached Harbin.

International Goodwill

There they began to reconstruct their lives in modest hutments, only to find that troubles in China forced them to move again.

The Nansen Office for Refugees, acting for the League of Nations, came to their aid, with funds from the Lutheran Churches in various countries and from Count Moltke (who has created a fund in Denmark in memory of Dr Nansen) and the French Red Cross. With this international goodwill and kindness these 395 travellers are now on their way to Brazil, to build up homes anew.

It is only two months since 400 Mennonite refugees, with a history behind them just as eventful, passed through France on the same quest, enabled to do so by the services of the same office, set up in Geneva to carry on the work of the League of Nations for those whom war had deprived of both home and country.

THE UNKNOWNNS FROM NOWHERE

Unknown heroes are constantly appearing from nowhere and vanishing unknown.

Near the river bank at Morpeth a few days ago a little boy was watching his three-months-old puppy playing with a larger dog. Suddenly the pup rolled over and fell into the water. It was at once carried out of reach by the current.

Somebody heard the little boy's cries of alarm. A youth cycling near by at once dismounted, and walked straight into the Wansbeck until he came to deep water and was able to catch hold of the drowning pup. Very carefully he carried it back to the bank. Whether he was a Scout we do not know, but certainly Be Prepared was his motto and he knew what to do. The puppy seemed to be almost dead, so he applied artificial respiration, and, much to the younger boy's delight, it came round and began to wag its tail and shake itself dry.

Although a little crowd collected the young knight-errant declined offers to have his clothes dried and firmly refused to give his name. He jumped on his cycle and rode away.

Bad weather last year caused a fall in profits from £14,198 to £643 on Southend's pier and foreshore.

SCHOOL THAT GOES TO THE CHILDREN Scholars Far From Teachers

EDUCATION ON WHEELS

From a Correspondent in Canada

One of the surprising things in Canada is the rapidity with which the northern districts are being opened up.

Railways have helped, of course, and now the aeroplane is speeding things up enormously. Also the drought of the last two years has made many a farmer load all his portable furniture on to his wagons, abandon his old stading, and go trekking North with his horses, carrying his wife and family with him.

That has given the educators a problem—how to give instruction to the boys and girls living far away from the centres of population.

Great Correspondence System

Many plans have been tried. British Columbia has established a great system of correspondence courses. The parents have to teach the children how to read and how to write. Assistance is given them by means of the post. Then lessons are sent to the children by post. When the children have worked the exercises the papers are sent to Victoria, the capital city of British Columbia, where they are corrected and returned.

Some of the work sent in puts to shame the pupils in the cities. The harder education is to get the more it seems to be valued.

In Alberta the university is teaching both children and grown-ups by means of wireless, and so is Winnipeg. Ontario has both correspondence courses and schools on wheels.

Many C.N. readers may wonder what a school on wheels is like. Well, it is a Pullman car on a train. It is fitted up as a school. There are desks instead of seats and the blackboard is fixed across one end of the car. The school is also the teacher's home; his kitchen and dining-room and bedroom are in it.

Going To School By Trolley

Wherever a train can go the travelling school can go. The car is hitched on to a train and when it reaches a place where there are a number of children but no school it is detached and shunted on to a siding. The pupils who live within reach come in to this school for two weeks. Some of them come along on a trolley; that is great fun. At any rate, for those two weeks they all work like beavers to get as much as they can from the teacher. At the end of the time the teacher gives them a whole heap of homework, which has to be done before he pays them another visit of two weeks.

Then the schoolroom car is tacked on to another train and away it goes to another group of eager boys and girls at some other place. In this way one teacher can keep in touch with a very large number of pupils. Sometimes a dentist or doctor will travel with the teacher to watch over the pupil's teeth and general health. People living in Toronto and other towns send books and toys and Christmas presents for those pioneering boys and girls in the northern woods and mines.

And so the Government does its best for the children, so that the children, when they grow up, may do their best for their country.

AN HOUR FROM THE CITY

Within one hour's motor-run of the City of Melbourne, a city of more than a million people, can be seen kangaroos, lyre birds, and native bears in their native state, thriving and unmolested by the public.

THE SEEKERS

Serial Story by
Martin Cobb

CHAPTER 1

An Attack in the Night

Lying straight as a ramrod in his berth, his arms crooked under his head, Jerry Richardson watched the dark, starlit Mediterranean rush past the port-hole of his cabin as the little fruit steamer that carried him ploughed her way through the night.

Ordinarily a good sleeper, Jerry had been unable to close his eyes on this night, for the ship was due to reach Port Said the next day, and at Port Said Jerry expected to take a train for Bagdad.

He half rose and glanced down at his luggage that lay, dimly visible, on the floor of the cabin, already packed but not yet locked. Now and again his eyes wandered to an object in the rack above his head. This object showed faintly white in the starlight which came through the port-hole. It was his new sun helmet. It stood upside down on the rack, typifying the hot, mysterious country to which he was bound.

As he looked at his treasured sun helmet Jerry frowned. With its stiff brim and deep crown it was difficult to pack. What ever had possessed him to leave it in the rack, forgetting to pack it while he packed everything else. Now he would have to unpack one of his bags nearly all the way to get it safely in.

But Jerry was too full of excited anticipation to think much of such small bothers. He felt in the pocket of his pyjamas for his uncle's letter containing the long-wished-for invitation to join him in Mesopotamia.

Jerry's uncle, Sir William Horfield, was a celebrated archaeologist, now engaged in excavating one of the buried cities of the Sumerians. This city lay under a mound not far from Ur of the Chaldees. As he felt the paper stiff under his fingers Jerry re-read the letter in his mind, for he knew it by heart.

"We expect to be here another month or two before the heat drives us away. There's no reason why you shouldn't spend part of the long vacation with us, as you're so keen on archaeology. We've found nothing of any certain value yet, but we've uncovered the ruins of some palace that may yield important discoveries any day."

"Before you leave England go to my friend Sir Jasper Green, and get some things I've written to ask for. I know he will oblige me by giving them to you. Guard them carefully, for they are his property and may be very valuable."

Jerry had obediently called on the famous archaeologist, and Sir Jasper had entrusted him with a medium-sized cardboard box. Sir Jasper's eyes had twinkled as he handed it over.

"Tell your uncle from me that if he can make anything of them he will have my gratitude," he had said, apparently supposing that Jerry knew what the box contained. Jerry had asked no questions. The box was not heavy; he had stored it, as he hoped, safely in his luggage, and had set forth on his great adventure toward Bagdad.

Outside the port-hole, as he considered these things, the sea went rushing past with a sound that made Jerry drowsy in spite of his excitement. He fell to thinking of the fabulous treasures which have recently been dug from the buried cities of the Chaldeans.

Jerry's attention was suddenly drawn to the door of his cabin. The wooden door had been fastened back to the wall on account of the heat, and only a screen door, covered by a thin curtain, took its place. This screen was fastened by a hook, whose only purpose was to keep the door from rattling, for the steward, each morning, was able to unlatch it from the outside. It was an almost imperceptible sound from this hook which drew Jerry's attention. He pricked up his ears, then decided with a laugh that the motion of the boat had unlatched it.

"What a nuisance, just as I was about to get off to sleep," he thought, glancing toward the swaying curtain. "Now I suppose the door will begin slamming and I shall have to get up and fasten it again."

The door did not slam. All was quiet and dark. Jerry decided he must have been mistaken; he turned toward the wall and closed his eyes.

A moment later a pad with a sickly sweet smell came down over his nose and mouth. He struggled frantically, but his legs and arms were pinioned by someone immensely strong. It was all over in a few seconds, and he lay unconscious.

Jerry awoke to find the sun streaming through the port-hole and the steward standing above him holding a tea-tray.

"Never saw any young gentleman sleep like you, sir," said the man.

Jerry started up. His head throbbed violently and his mouth was dry.

"Something happened last night," he stammered. "I was attacked."

The steward laughed.

"You've had a nightmare," he remarked, setting the tray on Jerry's knees. "I found you lying on your back with your mouth open. That's the best way to get nightmares, I always say."

Jerry felt in his pocket. The letter was gone!

"Look here!" he cried. "I can prove I was attacked and robbed. Someone has taken a letter from my pocket."

The steward grew serious. "Did it contain valuables, sir?"

Jerry considered. "No; I can't say it did. Only a letter from my uncle inviting me to visit him. But if they've taken that they must have taken other things as well."

For the first time Jerry noticed the condition of his cabin. All the luggage he had so carefully packed the night before now lay strewn about the floor. Someone had apparently made a hasty search for something. Jerry leaped from his berth.

"Now can you say that my cabin wasn't entered last night?" he cried. "Look at the havoc the thieves have made!"

The steward grinned.

"I've never noticed that you were a particularly tidy young gentleman," he remarked. "I seem to remember your things lying all over the place when I came in during dinner to make up your berth."

"I know," said Jerry earnestly. "But that was because I had left my packing half done. I finished it after dinner. When I went to bed my cases were ready to be locked."

The steward grinned again.

"Well, see if anything's gone," he said indulgently as he left the cabin.

CHAPTER 2

Jerry Opens the Box

JERRY searched feverishly through his belongings and at last stood up, rumpling his hair in perplexity. Not a thing had been taken. The valuable fittings of his dressing-case, a present from a rich aunt, were all there. Even his wallet, which he had carelessly left on the table, lay without a single note abstracted. Although he knew very well that he had been attacked and probably chloroformed during the night, and that his room had been ransacked, he realised that these had been no ordinary thieves. What on earth had they wanted? Whatever it was they had certainly not found it, for absolutely nothing was gone, except the letter. Even as he realised this Jerry saw a bit of white paper near the door, just under his wardrobe. He picked it up. It was his uncle's letter. However had it got there out of his pyjama pocket?

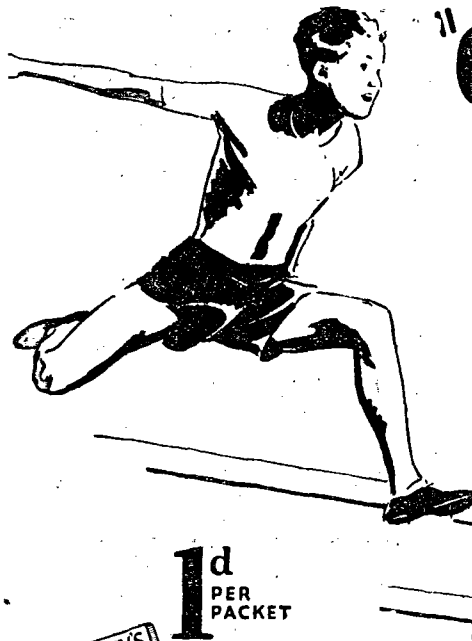
Jerry stared, considering, the letter in his hand. It was quite impossible that the letter, which he had felt in his pocket just before the attack, could have got across the room, unless—he had it! His attackers had taken the letter from his pocket, read it, and later pushed it back under the door into his room. But this only made the whole affair the more puzzling. It also made it impossible for him to complain to the Captain. Suppose he were to explain that he had been attacked by thieves who had taken nothing, though a wallet full of money lay ready for their hands, naturally the Captain would laugh at his story, as the steward had done.

Jerry, as he took his white sun helmet down from the rack and placed it in his box, carefully upside down, so that the cardboard box which he had packed in the crown should be undisturbed, decided to hold his peace for the moment. He arranged his handkerchiefs and socks carefully about the box, which might, for all he knew, contain something fragile, and set about collecting his shirts and other possessions from where they lay strewn about the floor. The thieves had failed to find anything this time, he thought. But they would not give up the attempt. He must expect another attack.

"They won't find me napping next time," thought Jerry grimly. "But, Jove! I wish I knew what the fellows are after!"

Still feeling rather sick and shaken, Jerry, having finished his packing, went along to breakfast. As he took his seat he noticed

Continued on the next page



"Come on Hope!"

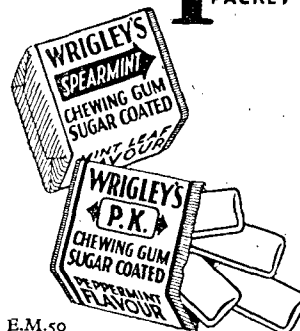
Hope looks like making it in record time . . . stout fellow, Hope. (Captain of the soccer team, too. And that team's fit . . . from strenuous training.)

Wrigley's takes its share . . . and the team takes its share of Wrigley's. The pure cool flavour refreshes — keeps the mouth fresh.

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Andrews Liver Salt

some men at a near-by table looking hard at him and talking among themselves. Jerry turned away. He knew his face was still a rather greenish white from the effects of the chloroform. "But they probably think I've been seasick," he thought, with some indignation, for he prided himself on being a good sailor.

Then, as he lifted somewhat reluctantly a spoonful of porridge to his mouth, Jerry started. Of course! What an idiot he had been. He remembered the sun helmet, so awkward to pack, resting innocently in the rack above his head the night before. He remembered the commonplace-looking cardboard box in its crown. He remembered—Jerry turned sharply toward the other table. One of the men had just swung round in his chair, while the others made an elaborate pretence of indifference as he left them.

"Oh no, you don't!" said Jerry to himself, swinging round from the table in his turn, and making a bee-line for the door. As he turned down the corridor that led to his cabin he saw the man hurrying ahead of him.

"I'll let him go in," thought Jerry. "Then, when he is in the very act of rifling my case, I'll tackle him. Ought to have a witness, though."

At that moment the steward came along the corridor, carrying a tray. Jerry beckoned to him, making a gesture for silence, and indicating the man ahead. This man was now slowing his pace on approaching Jerry's cabin.

"That's the thief," he whispered. "Watch what he does."

"You don't say so, sir," whispered the steward.

He turned sharply to look, and the tray he carried struck noisily against the wall. Jerry felt he could have strangled him with pleasure, for at the noise the man, who had just stopped tentatively before the door, turned a startled face over his shoulder and went on.

However, there was nothing to be done now. A bustle on the deck indicated that the boat was entering Port Said. Jerry ducked into his cabin, caught up the bag containing the sun helmet, and returned to the dining-room. There he snatched a hasty breakfast, with the bag carefully

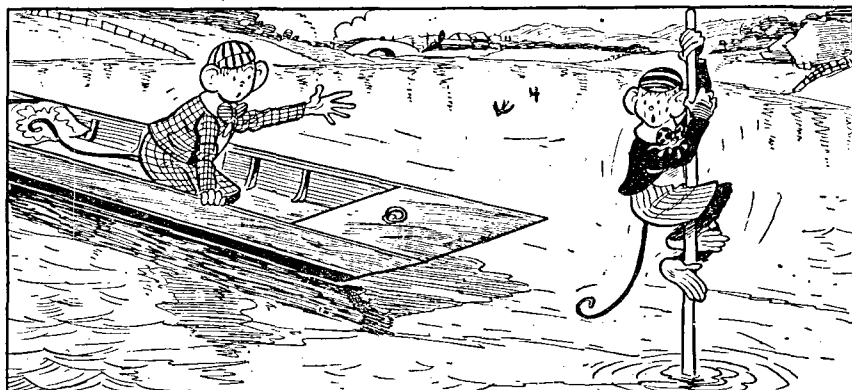
Continued in the last column

JACKO UP THE POLE

Jacko and Chimp had agreed to meet beside the Monkeyville Suspension Bridge as soon as they could get away after breakfast.

They wanted to have a look at Adolphus's new punt.

Jacko was sprawling on the grass, looking very annoyed, when Chimp found him. Jacko shook his head.



The punt moved on—but Jacko stayed where he was!

"It's locked up in the boathouse," he said. "Nothing doing." But he got up and they strolled across.

To their surprise, the boathouse door was open. The boys poked their heads inside and looked round.

"It's gone!" Jacko cried.

Chimp swung round. "There it is!" he cried; "by the landing-stage. Someone's taken it out."

It seemed very strange. Nobody was about.

The old boatman could have explained the mystery. At the owner's request he was doing a slight repair, and had gone off to fetch some tools.

But the boys knew nothing of that.

"Come on!" said Jacko, jumping into the boat. "Just for five minutes!"

They untied the mooring-rope and pushed off.

"What a lark!" cried Jacko, catching up the pole. "Wouldn't Adolphus be wild!"

There was a shout from the bank.

"Hi!" cried an angry voice. "What

wedged between his feet. He guarded it in the same way throughout the journey to Bagdad, where his uncle met him.

Rather to Jerry's surprise, Sir William did not greet him with an eager inquiry as to the safety of the cardboard box. Instead he asked placidly after the health of his old friend, inquired for family news from England, and asked if the journey had been pleasant. Jerry held in his impatient curiosity as best he could. But when his uncle took the guarded bag from his hands to give it to a porter Jerry protested.

"I carry this bag myself, Uncle. It's got the box in it."

"What box?" inquired his uncle.

"The one Sir Jasper gave me to bring you," returned Jerry, looking cautiously round him. "They tried to steal it from me on the boat, sir."

"Who did?" asked his uncle, turning in mild surprise.

"I don't know, sir. Some rather dirty-looking villains in the boat at Port Said. But they didn't get it."

His uncle buried himself in the letters and journals he had found waiting for him in Bagdad.

"You know, Uncle," Jerry confessed, when there was an opportunity, "I'm simply burning to know what is in that box."

His uncle looked at him surprised.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"No, sir. You didn't mention it, and Sir Jasper didn't say I might open it, so—"

"Open it now, by all means. It's worth seeing," said Sir William cordially.

Jerry opened the bag, and lifted the box from the crown of the sun helmet.

Some irregular objects wrapped in crumpled paper lay packed within. Jerry unwrapped one and found a piece of broken pottery. Horrified, not daring to call his uncle's attention, he unwrapped the others. In despair he saw that they were all the same, just bits of greyish-brown pottery, no doubt put into the box to make weight.

"Uncle," he said at last, reluctantly, "I'm no end sorry. The thieves were too clever for me after all. They've stolen the thing Sir Jasper gave me to bring you, whatever it was."

TO BE CONTINUED

Delicious Fruit Pudding.

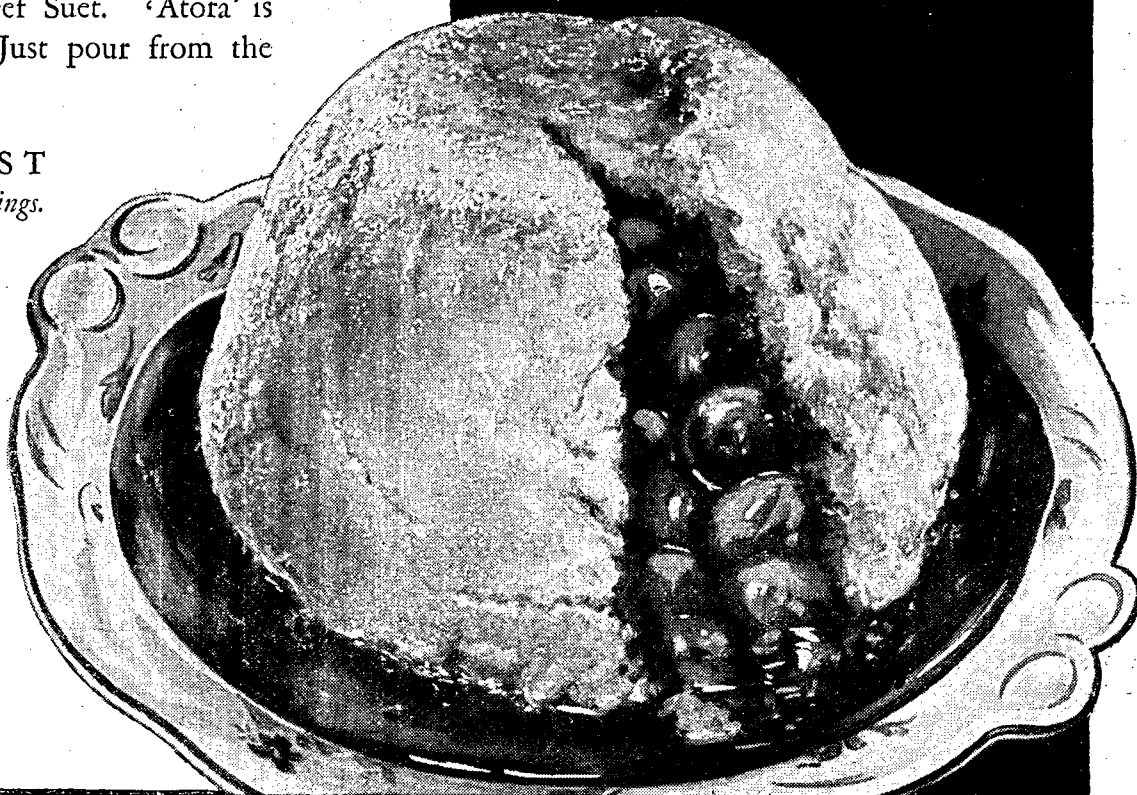
'Atora' is the finest Beef Suet in the world for delicious fruit puddings! Sweet, tender, suet crust, steeped in the rich juice of fresh fruit—how appetising, nourishing, satisfying! And the pudding is no trouble to make, thanks to this good Beef Suet. 'Atora' is ready-shredded for convenience. Just pour from the packet, that's all.

SUET CRUST for fresh Fruit Puddings.

8 ozs. Flour. 4 ozs. Shredded 'Atora.'
1 teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt well together, add the Shredded 'Atora,' and mix, do *not* rub in. Add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours on slow fire or low gas jet.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the "Atora" Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, MANCHESTER.



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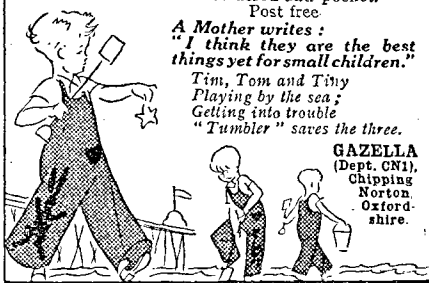
Ideal for Boys and Girls up to 4 years of age. Fast colours. Strongly made of durable cotton material. Four sizes: 23 in., 26 in., 29 in. and 32 in. from shoulder to ankle. Three colours: Blue, Green and Brown. Comfortable, attractive. Buttons at sides and back. State age or measurement and colour when ordering.

2/- Plain Post free. 2/6 with two animals embroidered and pocket. Post free.

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Playing by the sea;
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"Tumbler" saves the three.

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BLOCKS ARE BETTER VALUE

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 9, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Shares

TWENTY-FOUR people share twenty-four shillings. Some of them receive 1s 11d each and the others get 9d each. How many are there of each?

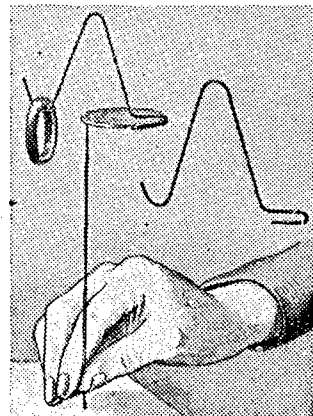
If you are sharp you will be able to work this in your head.

Answer next week

To Litter Lout

If any Litter Lout should read this would he kindly oblige? When you've breathed the open air And you're feeling fitter, Make your debt to Nature square: Gather up the litter.

Balancing a Halfpenny



HOWEVER hard it may be to balance a budget here is a way to balance a halfpenny—on the point of a knitting-needle or some similar sharp instrument. The accessories required are a hairpin and a ring weighing about the same as the halfpenny. The picture shows the shape into which the hairpin is bent and the method of carrying out the trick.

A Name Puzzle

N A T
Y P M
O J R
H S E
I E L

Take one letter from each row of three letters, in any order, and make six different boy's names.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le bagage La sirène Un aimant

Elle fit enregistrer ses bagages. Une sirène est un être fabuleux. L'aimant attire le fer et l'acier.

Tar on a Dog's Feet

TAR on roads becomes very sticky in hot weather and dogs often pick it up on their feet. This is very bad for them, as it may cause sore places between the dog's toes.

The best way to remove tar is to rub it with unsalted butter. Then let the dog run about on grass, and the tar will generally come away.

Finish by bathing the dog's feet with lukewarm water.

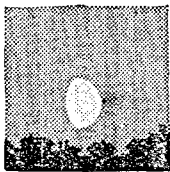
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to June 4, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1932	BIRTHS 1931	DEATHS 1932	DEATHS 1931
London	5501	5497	3650	3463
Glasgow	1799	1876	1119	1106
Liverpool	1550	1438	864	777
Belfast	725	817	427	406
Edinburgh	556	583	447	410
Bristol	549	468	353	308
Leicester	338	290	214	201
Swansea	225	208	130	149
Ipswich	135	135	63	67
Huddersfield	115	106	101	105
Reading	110	136	91	74
York	88	102	79	68

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Mars is in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-East and Jupiter is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, July 13.



What Animal Is This?

IN the creek but not in the bay, In the hour but not in the day, In the piece but not in the part, In the trade but not in the mart, In the string but not in the cord, In the earl but not in the lord, In the hillock but not in the mound, In Asia's continent it is found.

Answer next week

Need and Knead

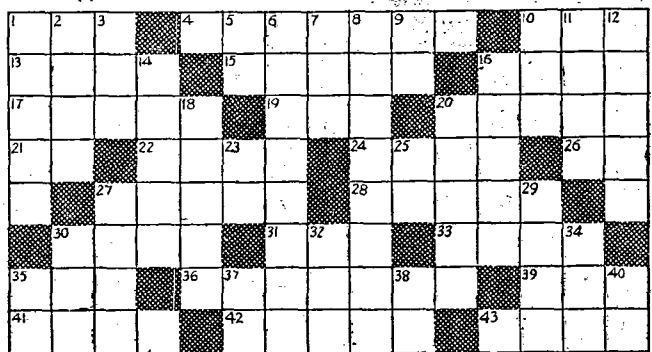
HERE is a little catch to try on your friends. Ask them to spell need as it is used in connection with bread. More likely than not they will reply k-n-e-a-d. Then you can remind them that it is the dough that bakers need, not the bread!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Tree Problem. After 8 years
A Riddle in Rhyme. Article
In Your Head. 90 miles

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. To colour. 4. Acquires penuriously. 10. A fish. 13. Gardener's tool. 15. A flower leaf. 16. Temper. 17. Water vessels. 19. To place in position. 20. A kind of sword. 21. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 22. England's national flower. 24. Moose. 26. Editor.* 27. A beverage. 28. Harvests. 30. To roll up a sail. 31. Hurried. 33. Russia's former ruler. 35. A dog. 36. To emboss. 39. To recline full length. 41. Unhampered. 42. Kinds of stone. 43. An obligation.

Reading Down. 1. Dismal. 2. A small ship's boat. 3. To add to. 5. Clerk of the Peace.* 6. Investigation. 7. Corroded. 8. Fatherly. 9. Electric light.* 10. A public vehicle. 11. A fearsome giant. 12. Actions. 14. Mistake. 16. Files. 18. A support. 20. Fishes of the ray family. 23. In this manner. 25. French for the. 27. To make well again. 29. Act of selling. 30. An animal's coat. 32. Exclamation of surprise. 34. A bone. 35. Chaplain to the Forces.* 37. Nova Scotia.* 38. Compass point. 40. French for and.

Dr MERRYMAN

No Society Man

BLACK: Here comes old Smartleigh; they say his clothes are cut by the best people in town.

White: And so is he!

Breaking It Gently

AN old darkie driving a pair of horses into town had been involved in an accident with a motor-lorry, and both horses had been killed. The Negro was breaking the news to his master. "Say, Massa," he said, "one o' your hosses has been killed: and de oder one too. Ah was afraid to tell you both at once in case you couldn't stand de shock."

Past Tea-Time



I'm sure (said Bill) it's time for tea, Let's blow a dandelion and see. But oh, dear me! that can't be right— It isn't ten o'clock at night!

A Chestnut

I THINK you must admit (said Mr Funnyboy) that my jokes are very good. Sir (replied his friend), your jokes are like yourself: their age entitles them to respect.

Following Instructions

DOCTOR: Now don't forget; you are to sleep with both windows open. Patient: There's only one window in my bedroom, Doctor, but I'll open that twice.

A Cowley?

LITTLE London Jack was visiting the farm of an uncle in the country. His cousin, about his own age, was struck by Jack's ignorance of country matters as they walked round the farm. "Why, I don't believe you could tell me if that's a Jersey cow or not," said Cousin Bill. "No, I can't from here," said Jack, "because I can't see its licence."

THE DRAGON'S DEN

"but there's just one thing lacking," he added.

"What is that?" asked Bob and Biddy together.

"Dragons!" replied Mr Perrigrew with a hiss; and he handed over a cardboard box which Biddy took. Bob looked over her shoulder, and they both read the label which said DRAGONS, WITH CARE.

"Put it beside the Dragon's Den and open it," said Mr Perrigrew, "with care!"

They knelt down and slowly undid one end. Out came two large armoured beetles!

Biddy dropped the box, Mr Perrigrew shouted "Hooray!" and slipped off his stool, while the two dragons, alarmed at the hubbub, scurried into the Den, and lived there happy ever after.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MR PERRIGREW'S rosy face popped over the garden fence, a cheery face adorned with an old, floppy straw hat.

"Good-morning!" he said, beaming at Bob and Biddy over his glasses. "And how's the land?"

"Oh, we're getting along fine," answered Biddy; "those paints you gave us make all the difference. Look!"

Mr Perrigrew's face disappeared as he said, "One moment! Let me get my stool—better view—not so painful leaning over," and his voice tailed away as his feet pattered up the path.

Bob and Biddy bent again to their task, eager with finishing touches before Mr Perrigrew returned, for what they were doing was Mr Perri-

grew's idea. This corner of their garden had been an untidy jumble of bits of brick and stone dug out of the rest of the garden, odds and ends of builder's rubbish that had been trampled into the ground, lumps of wood, broken tiles, pipes, and scraps of other material.

Bob and Biddy often played among the stones, building forts and houses and shops, and Mr Perrigrew often popped his head over the fence, and offered suggestions.

Then one day Mr Perrigrew had said, "Why not make those bricks into a castle, with a drawbridge and turrets and all the things a real castle ought to have?"

So the castle was made, and its wobbly parts were stuck

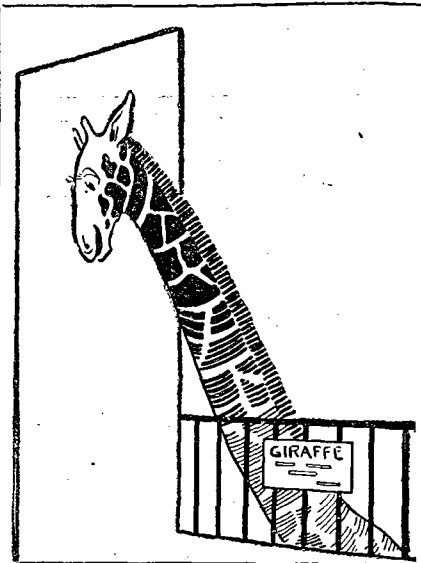
together with cement kindly supplied by Mr Perrigrew.

The next idea was to make a road from the castle, a "Road of Fortune (Mr Perrigrew said), with adventures all along it."

Gradually from this idea the stony corner grew into Fairyland; the Road of Fortune wound through Haunted Glens, by Witches' Houses, over Dead Man's Gulch, past the River of Gloom, round the Goblin's Tree, and near a cave that was a Dragon's Den.

Mr Perrigrew's face popped up again, higher this time, for he had brought his stool. He leaned over the fence and surveyed the kingdom.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he said, and his whiskers widened in a happy smile;



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